Minuet in Hell

[Part One]

(Crickets chirping, bat wings flapping, indicating night. A strange, echoing, incomprehensible voice speaking faux Latin.)
DOCTOR: (terrified) The legends of Gallifrey speak of a world where everything is horror. Horror and pain. A world from where there is no escape. And the creatures who crawl on the crust of the land are the lost and the hopeless and the broken and the doomed. The legends of Gallifrey speak of a world, and the name of the world they speak of is Hell. Hell is where I have come to at last. And there can be no escape.
(Over crackling flames.)
DASHWOOD: (faux Latin then -) Arise, arise, O mighty Lucifer.
DOCTOR: And so I cannot escape my own Hell.
MARCHOSIAS: (an extremely deep male voice) Hellfire. Hellfire. Hellfire. Hellfire.
(The people here are Americans. There is a crowd in the background.)
DASHWOOD :So, tell me, Dale. How do you think tonight's black Mass went?
(Dale is a lady.)
DALE: Wonderful, Brigham. Far more impressive than the Des Moines operation. You've really worked wonders with this new set up. A real glittering assembly.
DASHWOOD: I've tried to keep the membership exclusive. Can't just let any old Tom, Dick or Harry in. Not the Hellfire Club.
DALE: Exclusive? Half of the state is here. There's the Chief of Police over there. Mister Emmerton from the DA's office with, well, with someone who clearly isn't Mrs Emmerton. (laughs) Members of the Governor's office, and did I see earlier the great Tobias Cleghorn from TGC Corporation?
DASHWOOD: Ours to command, my dear. Ours to command. You see, Dale, we of the Hellfire Club believe in serving Lady Liberty by day and Lucifer by night.
(Both laugh.)
DASHWOOD: A most patriotic arrangement.
DALE: They swallowed your pitch wholesale. Not a person here doesn't believe they haven't seen Lucifer in person.
DASHWOOD: Well, there'd be precious little left of them if they had. No, Marchosias is a much more biddable demon. Spectacularly diabolical, but not immediately lethal. Ha. I thought he went down rather well.
DALE: Oh, look, there's Mrs Garrison. I must go say hello. Haven't seen here for ages. Is Waldo here, then, causing trouble?
DASHWOOD: By the Dark Lord, no. We're ver' particular about who we welcome here, my dear. Why would I want him here? He resents everything I say and understands none of it.
DOCTOR: And the broken and the doomed. The legends of Gallifrey
CRANE: The legends of Bloomsbury speak of a world, and the name of the world they speak of is Legoland! Listen, old man, are you going to go on like this all night?
DOCTOR: They, they're coming for me. Demons.
CRANE: Oh, for heaven's sake. Bit of a sad case, aren't you. No, I'm not a demon. Just a humble British journalist who has, temporarily, lost his wits. And most likely his patience as well if you don't stop wittering all night about Hell!
DOCTOR: You mean this isn't Hell?
CRANE: Merely its closest Earthly equivalent. We're locked up for the night in a madhouse. Mind you, in your case, I imagine you'll be here for life.
DOCTOR: I don't remember coming here.
CRANE: Ah. Yes. Well, you will.
DOCTOR: Charley. Must find, find. I can't, can't remember. Why can't I remember?
(Sounds of bare feet on floors and feminine voices.)
BECKY-LEE: Okay if I take the bed next to yours, kid?
(Hitting a pillow.)
BECKY-LEE: Okay? Hi? Lady in the Eleanor Roosevelt memorial fashion statements? Like to guess what it means when I point my face at yours and make mouth noises?
CHARLEY: I beg your pardon? Oh. Oh, I'm sorry. Were you talking to me?
BECKY-LEE: Hell, no. I was looking forward to an animated chat with the heating system. Wanted to ask for his memories of the Civil War. Come on, Charley, strike a spark.

CHARLEY: Charley? Who's Charley?
BECKY-LEE: Uh oh. I guess Charley's the name of whoever you mugged to get that brooch. You know, the one with Charley on it?
CHARLEY: Oh. Oh! Oh yes, of course. Charley. Me. Yes!
BECKY-LEE: Ginger peachy. You Charley, me Becky-Lee Kowalczck. Me from Los Angeles. I take it your home town tends more towards red mail boxes and locals not shooting each other all that often? Hello? The lights are on but nobody's home again.
CHARLEY: Oh. Oh, Becky, I don't know.
BECKY-LEE: Oh, Becky-*Lee*, I don't know. You don't know where you come from?
CHARLEY: Becky-Lee, I don't know *anything*. Just you and this room and that's. Where are we, Becky-Lee? How did we get here?
BECKY-LEE: You sit down on the bed. I'll take it in easy stages. Okay, night time. Maybe four a.m. by now? Bad part of town. Harvest moon. Bats falling dead from air pollution. Girl in last year's clothes, or they would be if this were the Prohibition, kinda dazed. Suddenly a big blue bus stops next to her. Two guys get out, grab her, haul her aboard with half a dozen other girls. Kerb crawling meets the mass market, right? Not right?
CHARLEY: Oh my giddy aunt!
BECKY-LEE: They'd done the same to me half an hour before. Shook 'em off and tried to run, but one of them put a bullet through my hair-do so I figured I'd just accept the lift after all.
CHARLEY: They shot at you? Why didn't you shout for help? Call for a police officer or something like that?
BECKY-LEE: Charley, he *was* the police.
CHARLEY: Oh. Oh, I see. We're in prison, then.
BECKY-LEE: Don't think so. Could be wrong, but I suspect this establishment is a tribute to free enterprise.
(Door creaks open and shut.)
CHARLEY: I'm sorry?
BECKY-LEE: I think this is a
DALE: Young ladies, your attention please. You've all had a long night and I don't want to hold up your sleep any longer than I have to. Just a few words, then you can make ready for lights out.
BECKY-LEE: Lights out? What the heck is lights out?
DALE: Have you finished?
BECKY-LEE: Well, excuse me.
DALE: Good. Thank you. My name is Dale Pargeter. You may call me Superior Mistress. Now, first of all, you need to know your status. You have none. Not any more. You have all been apprehended in a condition of vagrancy within state borders. We, therefore, intend to put you to gainful work in the service of the community.
BECKY-LEE: What does *that* mean?
DALE: That means, young lady, that you shut up and put up right now. In return for your work, you'll receive a roof over your heads, bed, food, water, and regular (pause) medical examinations. No alcohol, tobacco products or drugs of any class will be tolerated. Lockers assigned to you will be searched irregularly and without warning.
CHARLEY: (sotto) Drugs? Like headache tablets?
BECKY-LEE: (sotto) Geez, girl friend, where've you been.
DALE: You will also be responsible for keeping your clothing clean, particularly costumes you may be provided with from time to time. You will keep yourselves clean. Spotlessly so. You will be respectful to the staff here. You will be respectful to one another. And above all, you will do your alloted tasks to the limits of your abilities. From this moment onwards, consider yourselves to be hostesses within a prestigious Gentlemen's Social Club. You will do whatever is requested of you.
BECKY-LEE: You what?
DALE: You are hostesses within the Hellfire Club, and your official title is Pretty Little Satin Bottoms.
BECKY-LEE: I don't believe this.
DALE: You better. Any questions?
CHARLEY: Er, excuse me, but I have
DALE: Good. Now, I come to the painful subject of prescribed punishments. Ladies, I offer you no punishment. However, the gentlemen members of the Club may punish you themselves if they feel it to be necessary. Rest well. Tomorrow you will begin your training. Sweet dreams.

(Door creaks open and shuts.)
BECKY-LEE: Well, Charley girl, guess that was pretty clear, yeah? Charley?
CHARLEY: Sorry, Becky-Lee. Sorry. I was just thinking, remembering. I've remembered something important. I didn't come to this place alone. I had a friend with me. A doctor, I think.
(Hubbub of voices. An older man with a very Southern states accent comes to prominence.)
PICKERING: Outta my way. Outta my way, sonny boy. Come on there. Geez, ain't none of y'all got no respect for your elders?
BRIGADIER: Steady on, watch where you're going. Oh. Senator Pickering. How are you?
PICKERING: What? Oh, yeah. Met you yesterday, didn't I. Hmm. Mister Stewart, ain't it, from Eng-a-land.
BRIGADIER: Scotland, actually, Senator. And it's Lethbridge Stewart.
PICKERING: Oh, is it, now. Well, fella, we don't go in much for fancy double-breasted monikers this side of the herring pond.
BRIGADIER: (sotto) Nor manners either, it seems.
PICKERING: Wassat? What's that? What you say?
BRIGADIER: I said how surprised I am to find you, of all men, here, ready to listen to a speech from a political opponent.
PICKERING: Wassat? Oh, yeah. Opponent. Quite right, pally. Look here now, I'll tell you a thing. And if you never learn nothing else on your trip to this fine country, you just take this away with you. The biggest, cunningest, horn-swagglinest crook you'll ever encounter from sea to shining sea is none other than our host today, Brigham Elisha Dashwood the Third.
BRIGADIER: If you believe that, Senator, I wonder why you're here.
PICKERING: Always a chance somebody'll shoot him. (laughs) And here the chicken thief comes. Large as life and twenty times as
(Cheering from the crowd drowns out the last word. Feedback on a microphone.)
DASHWOOD: My friends, brothers and sisters in Jesus. Fellow citizens of Malebolgia.
(Cheers.)
DASHWOOD: Yes, cheer, my friends, cheer that name. That glorious name. That glorious name new in our mouths and hearts today but destined to live on in history alongside names such as Philadelphia, Massachussetts and Maine. Malebolgia, newborn fifty first state of the Union. Cheer the name, brothers and sisters. Cheer the name!
(They do.)
DASHWOOD: Now then, why are we here today, my friends? Tell me something. Why are we here?
MAN: To make you Governor, Mister Dashwood.
(Crowd agrees.)
DASHWOOD: Thank you, my friend. You do me an honour. The greatest honour. But I must say, no.
(Crowd disapproves.)
DASHWOOD: Friends, do not misconstrue my words. When I say no, I only mean no, that is not the specific, here me now, that is not the specific reason for our gathering today. As the Good Book says, to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven. A time to be born and a time to die. A time to plant and a time to pluck up that which is planted.
WOMAN: Praise the Lord!
DASHWOOD: Praise him indeed, my friends. And if He will forgive me for putting my own unworthy words into his Divine Mouth, might He not also have said, a time for politicking and a time to forget about politicking for half an hour!
(Laughter.)
DASHWOOD: We are here today, my friends, not to celebrate the creation of a new state, but for a far humbler purpose. Look ye behind me, friends, to where yonder building stands, proud and shining and as new as the state itself. Now, though doubtless it will one day fall and be forgotten. Oh, yes, one day that may happen. But Malebolgia will live on until the day of the Resurrection unto eternal life for all of us, those of us that believe. Truly believe. This building, constructed as it is from stone. Stone hewn from the mighty mountains that hem our horizon. And I say to you, friends, it is this fine edifice that brings us together today. Built to hold, help, tend and hopefully cure the most unfortunate members of our society. Those whom the Lord has seen fit to touch for his own mysterious and glorious reasons, in the sanctuary of their mental health. A team of the finest specialists from all over the world has been gathered in order to carry out, using the newest techniques and equipment available, ground-breaking research into the causes and cures of mental disease. May the Good Lord guide their hands and

questing brains. We are here, friends, to inaugurate a new hope for mankind. The Brigham Elisha Dashwood Laboratory of Alternative Mentalities!
(Cheers and applause.)
MAN: Yeah, that's great, Mister Dashwood. Now will you let us make you Governor?
(Laughter.)
DASHWOOD: Blessed are the persistent, for they will be satisfied. Very well then, my brothers and sisters. Since you will have it so, so let it be. Let the world know that, as of this moment, I, your unworthy townsman, do hereby announce my intention to run for the exalted position of first ever elected Governor of the state of Malebolgia!
(Cheers.)
PICKERING: Well, I guess I never did hear a word more fitted to be uttered in a loony bin.
(Gasps.)
DASHWOOD: And who's that there? Ah, my friends. Today I see we are honoured to have in our midst none other than the famous Waldo Pickering, *former* Senator for the state from which we have now so recently seceded. Give him a big hand, brothers and sisters.
(A smattering of applause.)
DASHWOOD: Come on, come on up to the podium, Waldo. Join my other guests on a tour of the new institution. And you too, if you please. See, friends, we also have in our midst a distinguished visitor from across the seas. A warm hand, please, for Alistair Lethbridge Stewart of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland.
(A few people clap.)
DASHWOOD: Mister Lethbridge Stewart comes from the historic city of Edinburgh, where, in recent years, he has helped oversee the creation of a new Parliament for the ancient Kingdom of Scotland. He is here today at the invitation of our fledgling state apparatus to give Malebolgia the benefit of his experience.
BRIGADIER: Well, thank you. Did what I could. Muddled through.
DALE: And just think, ladies and gentlemen, those happy smiling folk back in the recreation room were once living in their own private hell just as recently as six weeks ago. Now, if you'll step this way, you'll see how they found their salvation.
(Footsteps.)
DALE: Here we have the core of the Dashwood laboratory. Its heart and soul, if you will. The PSI859 psionic matrix facsimile regenerator.
PICKERING: Sounds a fifty dollar name for a tin coffin and a string of fairy lights, girl.
DASHWOOD: We're glad you approve, Waldo. Glad you approve.
BRIGADIER: Excuse me, Doctor Pargeter. Would I be right in thinking that this equipment is very similar to the British Popplewell Bekatrans Essential, Mark Five?
DALE: Er, well, that's very good, Mister Lethbridge Stewart. Yes, indeed, our technicians travelled very much the same route as their revered English predecessors. But of course with the advantage of more advanced microcircuitry and a great deal more funding. For those of you not as up to date as Mister Lethbridge Stewart, allow me to explain the basic principles of the PSI859.
PICKERING: You do that, ma'am. I'm darn sure I'll follow it all.
DALE: Why thank you, Senator. I'm truly sure you will. Now then. The most tragic cases admitted to our institution are, of course, those whose psychoses are beyond conventional psychiatric drug or hypnotherapy techniques. For them, there is only one hope. Cerebral surgery. Mister Dashwood?
DASHWOOD: Thank you, Doctor Pargeter. Now, as I understand it, such work has in the past been hazardous in the extreme. Even when an operation has been a success technically, the trauma experienced by the living brain exposed to the lights and heat of the operating theatre and the laser scalpels of gifted surgeons, well, it has often been enough to render the patient just as disturbed as before the healing process. Sometimes even catatonic.
DALE: The PSI859, however, obviates any such possibility.
BRIGADIER: How?
DALE: Well, by permitting us to operate on a brain no longer living.
(Gasps of horror.)
DASHWOOD: The purpose, my friends, of the psionic matrix facsimile regenerator is, well er, any conjectures?
PICKERING: Does it make good popcorn?
DALE: (laughs) No, Senator. But we hope to achieve that with the next model.
BRIGADIER: One assumes you record the contents of the brain, store it, and then, when you've

done what you do, you return them to their original home?
DASHWOOD: Ah now, sir, you mustn't try to dazzle us with your previous experience. Of course, my friends, he is right. Quite right. We have perfected a method by which the entire contents of the human psyche, all its personality quirks, all its memories, its conscience, passions, emotional preferences, every last perception, doubt, fear or joy, can be converted into a sequence of digital impulses and stored, thanks to the wonder of single molecular microcircuitry within the electronic memory of the machine you see before you.
BRIGADIER: (sotto) For a politician, he understands all this scientific stuff rather well, don't you think?
PICKERING: I wondered if that'd occur to you, boy. Knew it wouldn't to the rest of these here sheep.
DALE: And after this, the now empty, dead even, brain can be operated upon safely, then reanimated after surgery and reprogrammed with every last piece of the host's mind.
DASHWOOD: And then, just like Lazarus, our poor mortal brother or sister will rise again with the Lord's hand to guide him, and take his place in society restored, healthy and happy.
DALE: And now we should press on.
PICKERING: Now just one moment, young lady. I got a question needs putting.
DALE: Well, we really should be moving on, Senator, and leave these poor people to their work.
DASHWOOD: Actually, Doctor Pargeter, I'm sure we can let our *former* Senator ask his question.
PICKERING: Well, that's real accommodating of you, Mister Dashwood, sir. Just want to know one thing, that's all.
DASHWOOD: Which is?
PICKERING: Where in tarnation are you hiding all the *real* loonies?
(Heavy doors open. Gasps. Footsteps.)
BRIGADIER: Heavens above.
PICKERING: Woo eee! Now this is what I call a madhouse.
BRIGADIER: Senator, please.
DALE: Are you satisfied now, Senator Pickering? Enough loonies for you? Don't go beyond that painted line and do not accept any object thrust towards you through the bars. Similarly, don't try to pass them anything. Do not address any of them directly. These are highly dangerous types, ladies and gentlemen. If you have any questions, ask them through me. And feel free to tell me when you've seen enough.
BRIGADIER: Doctor Pargeter, I think I have.
PICKERING: Regular Hannibal Lecters here, eh, boy?
BRIGADIER: I assure you, I've seen worse monsters than any I'm likely to encounter here, Senator.
DALE: Have you indeed.
(Footsteps.)
DALE: Er, client number one, people. Hiram Dodds from Missouri.
PICKERING: What's that? Dodds the dog incinerator?
BRIGADIER: The what?
PICKERING: You see this sick varmint? Used to get his jollies stealing pets, dowsing them in gasoline and setting them alight in the schoolyards during recess. Hope you rot in there, you
DALE: Senator, please.
PICKERING: Don't hog me, Doctor.
BRIGADIER: Probably not good for your heart, Senator. Perhaps if you were to leave.
PICKERING: I'm just fine and dandy, Mister double-breasted Scotty.
BRIGADIER: In body, possibly. I'm not sure about the mind.
DALE: Moving on. Here we have Copperthwaite, the gay axeman of Rhode Island. Mad Ma Pardow. Amazing, even after her accident she managed to bludgeon to death six red-necks with her prosthetic leg.
BRIGADIER: I think we've all seen enough, Doctor. Even Senator Pickering, yes?
PICKERING: You telling or asking, boy?
DALE: And here we have. Oh. We're not entirely sure about this.
CRANE: Madam, you have never spoken a truer word.
DALE: We don't know his name. Have him listed as John Doe. Turned up out of nowhere last evening, actually.
CRANE: Hello. Don't I know you?
BRIGADIER: I, I don't think so. Who are you?

CRANE: Gideon Crane. Gideon as in the Good Book found in most hotel rooms. I'm a writer, you see. Sent over here by the London Torch newspaper to cover the inauguration of your new state. They'll vouch for me.
BRIGADIER: Well, Doctor? He seems lucid enough.
DALE: Yes. Yes, he does. I shall talk to Mister Dashwood about our Mister Crane, was it?
CRANE: Yes.
DALE: C R A N E? So, Mister Crane, what do you remember about last night?
CRANE: Er, not much, I have to say. Who knows where I was before, but I found myself outside your establishment. Very mysterious. I'm quite sure I wasn't in your town very long before that. In my mind's eye I can see an object and hear a noise.
DALE: What sort of object?
CRANE: A box. A big blue box just appeared, or perhaps it was always there and I just appeared. Who knows? You do. Yes, you do.
BRIGADIER: I'm sorry, I've no idea what you're talking about. Doctor Pargeter, I think we should leave now.
PICKERING: Don't be fooled by this one, boy. He's worse than all the rest, he is.
DALE: Senator, you have to realise
PICKERING: God Almighty, woman, will you look at what he did last night according to your notes? Found running around stark naked on the corner of Sunflower and Sixth, howling at the moon. And lookee here, damaged property
CRANE: Did I? I have absolutely no recollection of that or why.
PICKERING: You get back, you monster.
DALE: Please, Senator. My papers, they're confidential. Please give them back.
PICKERING: He did all this just last night and you're ready to release him just cos he talks nice? Who's running this here funny farm, the inmates?
DALE: I'm afraid I can't discuss this with you right now, Senator. I'm sorry, ladies and gentlemen. If you'd like to make your way back out and wait for me in the corridor.
PICKERING: Of all the Commie namby-pamby. Suppose you'd release the whole pack of them given half a chance, dog burners and all. Oh yeah, you've got the fancy treatments and comforting psychobabble. What about good old-fashioned punishment? What about bringing in the chair?
BRIGADIER: That's enough, man! Give the doctor her notes back and calm down.
PICKERING: I need some air. I, I feel strange.
(Footsteps. Heavy door opens and closes.)
DALE: Oh, dear. Please, Mister Lethbridge Stewart, please accept my apologies. And thank you. I don't know if I could have calmed him down like that.
BRIGADIER: Oh, experience, Doctor. Just experience. And my experience tells me that there's more to the poor Senator's outburst than just irrational mood swings.
DALE: Oh, really? Well, we'll see. I think he's just rather rude. Honestly, that man would try the patience of a saint.
DOCTOR: Excuse me, please. Can somebody tell me where I am?
DALE: Another Englishman. We seem to be brimming with them today. Er, we seem to have woken another Doe. This one we call Zebadiah Doe as to not confuse us.
DOCTOR: Excuse me? Can you hear me? Oh, what's wrong with my head?
BRIGADIER: He looks very much the worse for wear.
DOCTOR: Why don't you answer me, please?
DALE: He's been on intravenous diazapan twice. According to the night staff's notes, he's been nothing but trouble since he arrived.
BRIGADIER: When?
DALE: Er, last night. Brought in just after patient Doe. I mean, Crane, here. Now then, sir. My name is Pargeter. Doctor Dale Pargeter? Who are you.
DOCTOR: Name? My name? Er, that's easy, I'm called the, the
DALE: Name, I said. Typical schizoid behaviour, Mister Lethbridge Stewart. Always identifying with the higher ranks, professional people, rather than admit their own identity.
DOCTOR: Lethbridge. Lethbridge.
DALE: No, that's his name, not yours.
BRIGADIER: Intelligent eyes, don't you think, Doctor? Any hope?
DOCTOR: Doc, Doctor. Yes. Wait, wait, wait. I know your face. At least I think, I think I do. I did once.
BRIGADIER: I certainly don't know yours.

DALE: Please don't address the patients directly. Policy. I did ask.
BRIGADIER: Indeed you did. Mea culpa. Sorry.
DOCTOR: Friend. I had a friend with me. Met her in 1930. I have to take her back. Not supposed to be here alive now.
CRANE: If I may suggest, Doctor Pargeter. I could try and help my fellow patient here. Talk to him, sooth him, bring him back to reality as it were.
DALE: That's a good idea, Mister Crane. Thank you. I think we're exciting him too much. We should leave now, catch up with the other. Mister Lethbridge Stewart? Are you all right?
BRIGADIER: Hmm? What? Oh yes, yes, fine, capital. Everyone in here seems to know me. Shows the sort of company I keep, I suppose.
DALE: I shouldn't worry. It's their standard behaviour with non-staff. They try to gain sympathy that way.
DOCTOR: No, don't leave me. Listen, I'm sure I've got a dicky ticker. I mean, a malfunctioning heart.
DALE: Come along, Mister Lethbridge Stewart.
(Heavy door opens.)
DOCTOR: Hearts don't beat on the right side of the chest, do they, Doctor?
(Heavy door closes.)
DOCTOR: No, don't leave me here. Don't leave me here. What, where is your humanity?
CRANE: They won't help you, you know.
DOCTOR: Oh. Oh, it's you again.
CRANE: Gideon Crane, at your service, old man. Think of me as the man with the blue box.
DOCTOR: Where are we? Where? Where am I?
CRANE: In an asylum of sorts. I suppose you could call it your very own private Hell.
MARCHOSIAS: Hellfire. Hellfire. Hellfire. Hellfire.
(Devices beeping gently in the background.)
BRIGADIER: Well, thank you, Doctor Pargeter, for that little demonstration.
DALE: Again, I can only apologise.
DASHWOOD: Whatever for, Dale? What's happened? The rest of the tour party is outside looking more than slightly disturbed.
DALE: It was the corridor, Mister Dashwood, sir.
DASHWOOD: What about the corridor?
BRIGADIER: My fault, really. Not the doctor's here. Sorry. I got a bit close to one of your inmates.
DASHWOOD: Patients.
BRIGADIER: Patients, yes.
DALE: And then there was Senator Pickering's strange behaviour.
DASHWOOD: Waldo Pickering's behaviour is always mighty strange, Dale.
BRIGADIER: Indeed, but I rather think you ought to, you know, help him a bit. He seems very confused.
DASHWOOD: Mister Lethbridge Stewart, Alistair, understand this. Waldo Pickering is a fine old Senator. A great politician in his time. But his time has passed and a new era is dawning. We have a good state apparatus developing here, you see. Now I know you boys in Scotland have yourselves a unicameral system now, but I kinda drift towards two chambers. Have Malebolgia sort of a little brother to Maryland. What do you say?
BRIGADIER: What I say, Mister Dashwood, is that as an observer to the birth of your new state, I'm honoured. But there are other things going on that I'm, well, slightly alarmed over. Now if you'll excuse me, I'd best go outside and offer Senator Pickering some support.
(Door opens and closes.)
DALE: Well?
DASHWOOD: I've been doing some digging around on our friend Alistair, Doctor Pargeter, and you know what I found out?
DALE: What?
DASHWOOD: Nothing. Nothing at all. It's like up until he got himself involved with Scottish politics, he don't have no past. And I'll tell y'all this, I don't trust no man with no past. Keep an eye on him real close, Dale. Real close.
BRIGADIER: Ah, let's see. (typing) Topdog at Greyhoundrace dot co dot UK.
(Bing, bing, bing.)
BRIGADIER: Oh, blast. Wrong address. Topdog at Greyhoundrace dot org. O for the good old days of invisible ink and book codes. Right-o. Report from Trap One timed 2107 EST. Have

made initial reconnaissance of Dashwood Institute. PSI859 undoubtedly has capacity for designer brain creation. No evidence as yet of actual application as such. However, Dashwood unsavoury character and Institute distinctly doubtful, legality-wise. Please copy and respond. Over.
(The computer dials up another and communicates with it.)
BRIGADIER: Legality-wise? Oh, Lord, I've been over here too long. Right, here we go. (reads) Suspicions noted. Make no move without strong evidence of PSI859 misuse. Out. Oh, well thank you very much, Secretary of State. I'd never have come to that conclusion by myself. Time for a quick shower then a nice southern Bourbon, I think.
(Female laughter.)
CHARLEY: Oh, come on, you rotters. Out of the way. Let a chap see her party frock.
BECKY-LEE: Good God, get a load of my cleavage! There's a bit more of me going public than mom would approve of. Didn't nineteenth century tailors believe in necklines?
CHARLEY: Eighteenth century, actually. These ball gowns and powdered wigs are eighteenth century, not nineteenth. Sometime in the 1760s, probably.
BECKY-LEE: So how come you know?
CHARLEY: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to show off.
BECKY-LEE: No, Charley. How *do* you know?
CHARLEY: Good point. How come I can't remember my own name or how I got here, but I've got Macaulay's English History at my fingertips? Oh, this is so frustrating. Anyway, the 1760s were when the original Hellfire Club was at its height in England.
BECKY-LEE: Oh? Educate me further.
CHARLEY: Oh, righty-ho. Actually, it's quite fascinating. None of your run of the mill, anyone can join Gentleman's Club. The Hellfire Club were the cream of English aristocracy. Half the government were members. Bute, the Prime Minister, Lord Sandwich who ran the Navy, the Chancellor, and all sorts of weird types as well.
BECKY-LEE: Strikes me Britain turns out lots of weird types. What exactly did they do? I mean, what are we letting ourselves in for tonight?
CHARLEY: Oh, nothing to worry about.
BECKY-LEE: Right. Nothing to worry about. Just a bunch of dirty old men.
CHARLEY: Well, there was the devil worshipping, of course. Non-stop orgies, drink, duels and ladies of easy virtue shipped to their abbey at Medmenham,
BECKY-LEE: That's us, then.
CHARLEY: Yes, but that was back then. Surely that sort of thing isn't still going on now?
(Laughter of men and women.)
DASHWOOD: Enjoying yourself, Dale, my dear?
DALE: Yes, but I must get back to the Institute shortly.
DASHWOOD: Ah, Mother Superior to our Pretty Little Satin Bottoms one moment, hard working scientist the next. Do you ever stop, Dale?
DALE: Rarely, Brigham, rarely. Are you and your fellow Hellfire Club members satisfied with my girls?
DASHWOOD: My dear Doctor Pargeter, look around you. They are ecstatic. Oh, look at the time, my dear. Let's have that TV set on. Hellfire Club to order! Time before the great hour of midnight to see how I look on the nation's television sets.
(Cheers.)
DASHWOOD: Well, thank you, my friends, thank you. Here we go.
DASHWOOD [on TV]: Don't you forget. Every five hundred dollars pledged wins you a special personalised mention in his prayers. So now, all you good people, I have a question to put to you tonight.
DASHWOOD: Is there any sign of that Lethbridge Stewart vermin?
DALE: You invited him here?
DASHWOOD: Great Lucifer, no. I meant he strikes me as the type to snoop around the Institute. Keep an eye out, okay?
DALE: Yes, sir. Of course. I'll see you later.
DASHWOOD [on TV]: The cry of a child going unheard.
CHARLEY: Excuse me, sir.
DASHWOOD: Well hello, little lady, and what's your name?
(Charley squeals, probably from a pinch on her bottom.)
CHARLEY: Charley, sir. Charley er, Bute.
DASHWOOD: And all the way from England, by the sound of your pretty little voice. You look

most fetching, my dear. Most fetching.
CHARLEY: Thank you, sir.
DASHWOOD: If I didn't know better, I'd say this really was 1775 and once again the British are invading. (laughs) Sure do look pretty.
CRANE: I say. Zebadiah Doe, old man. Time to wake up. It's nearly midnight.
DOCTOR: What? Where am I? Oh yes.
CRANE: That's right. You're in hell.
DOCTOR: What are you doing out of your cell?
CRANE: Doctor Pargeter's idea, actually. They've er, decided to release me.
DOCTOR: So what's this, a farewell visit?
CRANE: You might say that, old man. They've er, well, they've sent me to get you, actually. Take you up to the lab. I'm working for her now, you see
DOCTOR: Take, take me to what lab? Why can't I clear my head? Remember things?
CRANE: Oh, don't worry. Doctor Pargeter will soon sort you out, like she did me.
DOCTOR: Why am I going to this lab, then?
CRANE: Ah. Yes. Terribly sorry, old man, but that's just a tad awkward. You see, it's time.
DOCTOR: Time for what?
CRANE: Your lobotomy.
DASHWOOD [on TV]: Every penny you pledge, every nickel and dime, be it by personal cheque, credit card or deed of covenant. For every gift, my brothers and sisters, the child who may currently be going unheard will have a voice. A voice direct to God. I'm not ashamed to broadcast to you now, to plead with you for the sake of the children of the world. I ask you to give to the Brigham Elisha Dashwood Charitable Trust.
(Cheers.)
DASHWOOD: Ah, thank you, everyone. Thank y'all. That came over pretty good, I think. So, now, my friends, as the clock approaches midnight we once again prepare to call, prepare to beckon. Friends, brothers in Lucifer, fellow citizens of Hell
(Fireworks.)
MARCHOSIAS: Hellfire.
CRANE: Doctor Pargeter?
DALE: Ah, good. Put him down there. Now then, Zebadiah Doe. We'll just give you a little pin-prick to wake you up.
DOCTOR: Oh, what are you doing to me? Let me go.
DALE: Now, Zebadiah, it's for your own good.
DOCTOR: No, you're going to cut up my brain. That's not really for my own good, is it?
DALE: Orderly, strap him down harder, will you?
ORDERLY: Yes, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Urgh. You're enjoying this, aren't you. I thought you were a doctor. No, no, wait. I'm. I'm.
DALE: All right, that's enough.
(Uses a keyboard.)
CRANE: Doctor Pargeter?
DALE: Oh yes, Gideon, what is it?
CRANE: Would you like a coffee?
DALE: Oh, yes please. Cream with
CRANE: Two sugars. Already done.
DALE: Mmm. Very good. Trying to bribe me into giving you a full time job here?
DOCTOR: Excuse me?
DALE: Yes? Oh, right. Lobotomy.
CRANE: He's er, fascinating, isn't he? I met him before, you know. When we came in here. Together. From, from howling at the moon.
DALE: Yes, but that's behind you now, Gideon, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Didn't give *him* a lobotomy, did you.
DALE: He didn't need one.
CRANE: Opened my mind. Blue box. My blue box. Gallifrey. My home?
DALE: What's that, Gideon?
CRANE: Oh, nothing.
DALE: Now then, Zebadiah, we're going to begin the procedure. What we're going to do is record your psychic matrix onto the memory of the PSI machine here. Then we wipe your brain clean, put you on a life support machine, then I just remove your prefrontal lobes and once

everything's healed up nicely, your matrix'll be fed back into your brain and you'll be back to normal.
DOCTOR: Normal? You don't know what normal is.
DALE: Except, of course, you'll no longer have these aggressive tendencies and instincts that make you so unpleasant to be around. Gideon, please move away from the PSI machinery. It's very delicate.
CRANE: Clear my mind. Blue box. Mine now.
DALE: Okay, let's start it up.
(The Doctor is in pain.)
DOCTOR: You don't understand.
(Sizzle.)
DALE: This is impossible. It's, it's overloading. Gideon! Gideon, get back from him.
(Boom!)
DOCTOR + CRANE: Oh no! Noooooo!

[Part Two]

(Two overlapping voices, almost incoherent.) Every synapse, every ganglia, yet walking, walking without fear towards a goal. Unknowable, unnameable, unimaginable, without fear, but with a certain understandable trepidation. And as I walked it seemed I saw the likeness of four living creatures, and every one had four faces, and every one had four wings, and the soles of their feet sparkled like the colour of burnished brass as they kept walking, walking. Without fear but understandable trepidation because everyone knows the
(Whoosh!)
MARCHOSIAS: (unintelligable) kisses of acid, drown in the sweetness, drown in the ocean. Panic in the streets. Scream, scream, gem-encrusted surf.
(A woman's laughter.)
WOMAN: Look at me. No, really, it's all right. You can look.
DOCTOR: Who are you?
CHARLEY: Doctor, help me!
DOCTOR: Charley? Yes, now I remember. Where are you?
CHARLEY: Over here, Doctor. Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! (echoes)
MARCHOSIAS: Doctor! Die!
DOCTOR + CRANE: Noooooooo!
BECKY-LEE: How's it going, girlfriend?
CHARLEY: A bit strange, really. I met the man in charge.
BECKY-LEE: The one who was on the TV just now?
CHARLEY: Probably. Him, there. Who is he?
BECKY-LEE: No idea. Know who would, though.
DASHWOOD: Friends! Brothers in Lucifer! Citizens of Hell. Enjoy yourselves for a while with the Pretty Little Satin Bottoms. I shall return to y'all shortly.
CHARLEY: Now where's he off to?
BECKY-LEE: My thoughts entirely. We should. Hey! Get your hands off me!
(A man's lecherous laugh.)
CHARLEY: Haven't you heard about female emancipation? Men and women co-existing as equals with mutual respect and ow! Oh, you beast!
(Two hard slaps.)
BECKY-LEE: Oh, shoot.
MAN: Now then, young lady.
(Whip crack.)
MAN: It's my job to whip you into shape.
(Two whip cracks.)
CHARLEY: I think I may have got us into trouble.
MAN: Hold still while we look at that pretty white back before it gets real red.
(Ripping of fabric.)
CHARLEY: What? Now you've gone too far.
BECKY-LEE: Woe to the evil ones. Święty Piotr, Święty Piotr, empower me!
MAN: What? What? Argh!
(Breaking objects and screaming, then silence.)
BECKY-LEE: Aw, shoot. Now it looks like the gentlemen are too overcome to play anymore.

Well, come on, girls. The exit is that-a-way.
CHARLEY: Er, Becky-Lee?
BECKY-LEE: Yep?
CHARLEY: Did I miss something? I mean, one minute they're ganging up on us, the next you're mumbling and they're flying about like on circus wires, and hitting things, like walls and each other, and the floor, and, and, I think I'm going to be rather unwell.
BECKY-LEE: Woe to the evil one who assails the servant of Saint Peter, for he shall fight that which he most fears. Power has been granted to me, Charley, to look into the souls of those who seek harm.
CHARLEY: Er, really?
BECKY-LEE: And I see their greatest fear and turn it against them. I triumph as the wicked defeat themselves.
CHARLEY: And so you're not human?
BECKY-LEE: I'm as human as you, Charley. You *are* human, aren't you?
CHARLEY: Oh, rather.
BECKY-LEE: What I used on these Hellfire Clubbers is a mental technique devised by my people eons ago.
CHARLEY: *Your* people?
BECKY-LEE: Later, right? I think we should follow the other's lead and get the hell out of here, yeah?
CHARLEY: Can I just gather up my clothes from our room, please? I don't fancy running through the streets here with only a, well, négligée on.
BECKY-LEE: Good call, girl friend. Grab mine too. I want to have a quick nosey around here. In fact, right over there. Hello. If I'm not mistaken, I see a camcorder.
DOCTOR: No! No! No!
(Bang, crash, clatter. Night sounds and footsteps.)
BRIGADIER: Who's there? Look here, are you all right?
(Movement of sheets of metal.)
BRIGADIER: What on Earth are you doing?
DOCTOR: Leave me be. Don't carry me back to Hell. I'm awfully trepidatious about Hell, you know.
BRIGADIER: It's you. Zebadiah Doe. Now, shall we just get you out from these dustbins before you get carried away for recycling.
(Clatter, clatter.)
DOCTOR: You. I know you, don't I? We're friends.
BRIGADIER: That's right, old chap. Since this morning at the Institute. We're practically childhood sweethearts.
DOCTOR: But we're in danger, bye the bye. Terrible danger, both of us. Listen.
(Dog barking.)
DOCTOR: These streets full of demons, you never see them. I think they're after me, but if they catch *you*?
BRIGADIER: That's all right, old chap. You stay with me. I've dealt with demons before, you know.
DOCTOR: You have? Oh yes, you have.
(Rushing sound.)
MARCHOSIAS: There he is. To me, to me! Bwahahahahaha!
DOCTOR: Oh, marvellous.
BRIGADIER: Bless my soul, they *are* demons, too.
CHARLEY: Oh, Pollard! My name is Charlotte Pollard. Ooo, now where did that spring up from?
BECKY-LEE: Probably cos you weren't trying to remember.
CHARLEY: Oh, how nice. Well, if anything pops up again, I'll tell you. Now, why don't you tell *me* something?
BECKY-LEE: Such as?
CHARLEY: What you did back at the Hellfire Club to those awful men.
(Dog barking.)
BECKY-LEE: Ah, right. Honey, you see before you the American representative of the Ancient Order of Saint Peter, founded back in the sixteenth century to deal with supernatural evil in Eastern Europe. Vampires, mostly.
CHARLEY: I read Dracula once.
BECKY-LEE: Yes, very good. The last recorded incident with the European vampire was in

Poland, 1976. The Order chased it to the Atlantic, where it escaped on a jet to the US of A. Two priests followed, tracked it down to my home town and destroyed it. But one of the priests was so alarmed by the amount of supernatural evil in the States he opted to hand around and founded a Chapter here. And then, a little later, he founded me.
CHARLEY: Gosh. My father's only a stockbroker.
BECKY-LEE: Here we are. Come on, come on! Wake up time!
(Window overhead opens.)
PICKERING: Just you stop that racket, you hooligans, before I empty this pot over your fool heads and. Tan my hide. Becky-Lee?
BECKY-LEE: Well, hi there, grandpappy. How's about you put your teeth in and say hello to my friend Charley? Charley, meet Senator Waldo Pickering.
CHARLEY: Er, hello.
(Manic laughter.)
BRIGADIER: (breathless) Try, try and keep up, man. They're almost upon us.
DOCTOR: I can't. I'm sorry, I'm too weak.
BRIGADIER: This way. Blast!
DOCTOR: A dead end. Never realised what an appropriate term that could be.
MARCHOSIAS: Bwahahahahaha!
CRANE: And I said I know what I want. I knew all along, but she must expect some trepidation.
DALE: That's it, help him up. Put him back in the cells.
DASHWOOD: I came as soon as I got your call, Dale, and. What's wrong with Crane? I thought you said he was cured.
DALE: Mister Dashwood, sir, thank heavens you're here.
DASHWOOD: What happened?
DALE: He was too close to the PSI machine when it malfunctioned.
DASHWOOD: Malfunctioned? How can it have malfunctioned, Doctor Pargeter?
DALE: The technicians can't understand it either.
DASHWOOD: Why was Crane so close to it, anyway?
DALE: He was behaving weirdly, actually, sir. Abnormally interested in the brain patterns of the other patient. As he was beside the PSI machine he got caught in some kind of energy blow-back.
DASHWOOD: And your patient escaped in the confusion. This is not good enough, Dale. You ought to remember no one is indispensible within this organisation, and that includes you.
DALE: But Brigham, after all we've meant to each other, I, surely you don't mean?
DASHWOOD: You know I won't tolerate failure! I'm sorry, Dale. It's been a bizarre evening. Anyway, poor Zebadiah won't get far. On the way here I set Hell on his tail.
DALE: Truth to tell, Brigham, I'd rather he wasn't killed.
DASHWOOD: Compassion, Dale? You're not really turning into one of the good little Sisters of our fair church?
DALE: Actually, sir, it has more to do with the PSI machine. The technicians believe that his psychic matrix overloaded the PSI memory.
DASHWOOD: Oh bull, Dale. That can't happen unless. Unless.
DALE: Unless he has a mental capacity far in excess of an ordinary human. He might be a genius, sir. Or he might be
DASHWOOD: Not of this Earthly home of ours, in which case he's too darn valuable to lose. Shoot. You'll like this, Dale. Nema eva demaroth. Hirogeti denar. Liwab ethin modnik. Ette si nitharoth. Monik, monik, monik, dewala neveh sith!
(Wibbly electronic sounds then a whumph!)
DASHWOOD: Ah, there you are, Marchosias.
MARCHOSIAS: At your service, master.
DASHWOOD: Call your demons off right away.
MARCHOSIAS: Even as they close in on their prey, ready to rend them limb from limb?
DASHWOOD: Now!
(Gibbering.)
BRIGADIER: Here they come! Brace yourself.
(Sudden silence.)
DOCTOR: Where, where did they go?
BRIGADIER: Well, I'll be
DOCTOR: What do you think? Were they, were they even really here? Are *we* really here?
BRIGADIER: How terribly existentialist of you, Zebadiah.

DOCTOR: My name isn't Zebadiah, it's, it's, it's
BRIGADIER: Oh, whatever. Time to get you to safety, I believe. Let's see if we can find a taxi.
DOCTOR: Where will we go? Do you, do you really know somewhere safe?
BRIGADIER: Safest place there is. Unfortunately.
DALE: Repairs seem to be complete, Brigham.
DASHWOOD: Excellent, Dale, my dear.
(Door opens.)
DASHWOOD: Any news on er, oh.
BRIGADIER: You seem to have mislaid one of your patients, Mister Dashwood. Thought I'd bring him home.
DOCTOR: Not here. Anywhere but here. All roads lead to hell here.
DALE: Orderlies! Help Zebadiah back to his cell.
ORDERLY: Yes, Doctor Pargeter.
DOCTOR: No, no, you don't understand. You're all in terrible danger! No! Argh!
(The Doctor is dragged away.)
DALE: Thank you, Mister Lethbridge Stewart, from everyone here.
DASHWOOD: Surely, much appreciated, my friend.
BRIGADIER: I presume there'll be an enquiry? After all, can't have patients running amok around town, can we?
DALE: Er, indeed not. Er, full enquiry, I'm sure.
BRIGADIER: Strange chap, that one. If it's all right, I may pop back again tomorrow to check up on him. Fellow interests me.
DASHWOOD: No problem, Mister Lethbridge Stewart. Tomorrow anytime. But for now, goodnight.
BRIGADIER: Yes, righty-o. Goodnight.
(Door opens and closes.)
DASHWOOD: Yes. Fellow interests all of us. As do you, my friend. As do you.
PICKERING: Now girl, girls, what brings you to an aging Senator's home in the middle of the night?
BECKY-LEE: Charley and I have had an unpleasant experience.
CHARLEY: Rather.
BECKY-LEE: Grandpappy, I know you don't approve of what I do, but you're the only one who really understands about the Order of Saint Peter.
PICKERING: Hippy sixties mumbo-jumbo.
BECKY-LEE: Before he died, Dad set up a nationwide grapevine amongst the other Eastern European immigrants.
CHARLEY: Is that why you're here? They told you something?
BECKY-LEE: Exactly. The other day I got a message from one. Said there were people in this place conjuring up demons.
PICKERING: Demons? Here? Don't surprise me none, though. Bet I know who's behind it.
CHARLEY: Senator Pickering, what do you know of the Hellfire Club?
PICKERING: What in tarnation is a Hellfire Club?
BECKY-LEE: That's where we escaped from. Look, does this museum of a house have a VCR? Or is that to modern for you?
PICKERING: Happens I do have a video recorder. And what's even more amazing is that it's there, right by that other modern monster. A TV set.
CHARLEY: A TV? What's that?
PICKERING: Eh? English, Becky-Lee, or from the Moon?
(Becky-Lee loads a tape into the VCR.)
BECKY-LEE: Not sure. Possibly both. Watch this.
(Laughter on the recording.)
BECKY-LEE: Took this tape from a camcorder in the Hellfire Club.
PICKERING: Shee-oot.
BECKY-LEE: Do you recognise any of those men?
PICKERING: Recognise them? Sure I do. Half the guys who run this new-fangled state are there doing, well, whatever they're doing.
BECKY-LEE: Thought as much. Whoever runs the Club would be in a position to blackmail just about anything out of anyone with a video like this.
CHARLEY: Golly, this is clever. Just like the scanner in, in
BECKY-LEE: Damn it. Charley, there's nothing of the guy in charge.

CHARLEY: Well, it'd be awfully silly if he wanted to blackmail people but he was on the same tape.
PICKERING: Ha! Girl should be a politician. She thinks like one.
BECKY-LEE: But he was there. Charley spoke to him. Tall, fat, self-satisfied, overachiever in an electric blue suit.
PICKERING: Hot diggetty! Tell me, did he have a big flesh wart about there?
CHARLEY: Oh, yes. Hideous thing.
BECKY-LEE: Guess you know who he is, then.
PICKERING: You bet I do. Yee-ha! Just wait till the morning. I'm going to take this tape and use it where it'l do all the good in the world. Heh, heh, heh. Now, you girls get some sleep. Tomorrow could be a real busy day.
(Typing on a keyboard.)
BRIGADIER: Have to report personal sighting of non-human elements on streets of local town. Description. Two metres tall, winged, bright red skin. Androgynous. Strongly suspect connection with activities at Dashwood Institute. Advise you to send team to assist investigation. Over.
(Dialling tone and computer chatter.)
BRIGADIER: Hmm. Still awaiting evidence of misuse of PSI895. Oh, for heaven's sake.
(Typing.)
BRIGADIER: No such evidence currently available. Over. (bing) Concentrate exclusively on assignment as laid out. Demons of no interest to HM Government. Out. Well, thank you very much, Secretary. Hope you find one in your jacuzzi.
DOCTOR: I thought they let you out, Mister Crane.
CRANE: Er, a misunderstanding. I'll be free again soon. How was your brief respite from this den of sin?
DOCTOR: I, I don't really remember. I have to get out. I don't belong here.
CRANE: Of course you don't. You think you belong out there, don't you, amongst the stars. You're a, what is it? Time Master from the planet Chardonnay?
DOCTOR: No, no, it's Gallifrey. Yes, Gallifrey. It's coming back to me. Maybe that PSI machine has done me some good. It's all jumbled up, but it's definitely
CRANE: Gallifrey? Right. And this is the twenty first century, which makes you Buck Rogers. So, Buck, if you're so powerful and alien, how come we're still in these cells?
DOCTOR: I've escaped from tougher places than this. At least, I think I have. What about you?
CRANE: Oh, me too. Lots of times.
DOCTOR: Oh, you don't believe me. Humouring me. You think I'm, I'm
CRANE: Deranged? Yes. I mean really, old man, alien planets, metal monsters, day trips through black holes, Vortisaurs? No, I think you live in a make-believe universe.
DOCTOR: I know what reality is.
CRANE: A man I met once told me everybody lives with their own personal reality. If my reality agrees with yours, we say we're both sane. If it doesn't, one of us is mad. Or both. Who can tell?
DOCTOR: I can prove it. If we can get back to the alley where we first. Where we first met. Howling at the moon. Why were you, why was he howling at the moon? Anyway, if we could get back there, I'll show you. I'll show you
CRANE: The Tardis?
DOCTOR: That's right! The Tardis. I've never mentioned the Tardis before. How did you know about the Tardis?
CRANE: Ah yes. How indeed.
(Playing the video tape.)
DASHWOOD: I won't ask how this tape came into your possession, Senator.
PICKERING: Let's just say by a family connection.
(Tape stops.)
PICKERING: Well now, Brigham Elisha, I reckon your political career's just suffered a major setback, wouldn't you?
DASHWOOD: I'm sure I don't follow, Senator. There's nothing on that lurid tape that can be linked to me.
PICKERING: Oh, come, come, Dashwood. If I can make that little magic lantern show public, all them businessmen and politicians and officials, well, they'll find themselves in the National Enquirer in hours. You think they'll keep schtum about you? They won't be falling over themselves to do any deals they can to save their hides?
DASHWOOD: Hmm. You have a point, Waldo. More coffee?

(Pouring.)
DASHWOOD: Now, tell me, what's your price?
PICKERING: Nothing you can't afford, Dashwood. All you got to do is announce you're no longer running for Governor of Malabogia.
DASHWOOD: And then, of course, I endorse *your* candidature. Sugar?
PICKERING: And this here video tape is never seen again.
DASHWOOD: Senator, when you die, and please may that be soon, you're so crooked they'll have to screw you into the ground.
(Pickering laughs.)
DASHWOOD: Well, it'd ill befit a man of God like me to be a bad loser. And now Senator, if you'll permit me a little indulgence, some music to sweeten the sourness of the atmosphere. Is this to your taste?
(Harpsichord minuet plays.)
PICKERING: Sounds awful.
DASHWOOD: You know, I think I'd have been happier in the eighteenth century than today. That's when my ancestors crossed the Atlantic to help form this great nation of ours. We Dashwoods already had the habit of government. Sir Francis Dashwood, that's him up there, just above the fireplace. He was Chancellor of the Exchequer during George the Third's reign.
PICKERING: Is that so?
DASHWOOD: A wonderful man, old Francis. Now, back to this sordid little world and its sordid little people. I'll write a statement about your videotape this afternoon. Er, how was the coffee?
PICKERING: Tasted foul.
DASHWOOD: Well, that'd be the little something extra that I added.
PICKERING: What? I, I can't move. You, you varmint! You, you
DASHWOOD: No, Senator, you. You are a far greater fool than even I thought.
(Picks up telephone.)
DASHWOOD: Dale, my dear. Could you arrange a collection from my house? The poor Senator has requested to pay us another visit. A much, much longer one than before.
PICKERING: Go to, to
(Phone down.)
PICKERING: Go to hell.
DASHWOOD: Kneel before me, you cretin.
CHARLEY: What are you doing?
BECKY-LEE: Making breakfast. Or lunch. Whatever's nearer by the time my grandfather gets back. You look like you've seen a ghost.
CHARLEY: Becky-Lee, I can remember everything. It's come back to me.
BECKY-LEE: Okay, what can you remember?
CHARLEY: Fire, a big crash. Have you ever heard of the R101?
BECKY-LEE: No. Was it a bus? No, hold on. An airship, right? Hundreds of years ago.
CHARLEY: 1930. It crashed. I was aboard it, but I wasn't.
BECKY-LEE: Okay.
CHARLEY: I can see the flames in my mind's eye, feel them as everything crashed around us. Dying. But I wasn't actually there. I was flying on the back of Ramsey to the Tardis.
BECKY-LEE: Ramsey?
CHARLEY: A Vortisaur.
BECKY-LEE: I'm losing the plot, honey.
CHARLEY: A sort of dinosaur bird thing.
BECKY-LEE: Then again, maybe there isn't a plot.
CHARLEY: We left Earth in the Tardis. We've been on spaceships, to Venice in the future, to other planets, other worlds. But there's something else. Something missing.
BECKY-LEE: What? What is missing?
CHARLEY: Oh! The Doctor! Where's the Doctor?
DASHWOOD: Brothers in Lucifer. Fellow club members. Citizens of Hell. I have called this extraordinary meeting to deal with a sudden crisis we face. Those of you present last night witnessed the mysterious force that has put several of our brothers in hospital and allowed our Pretty Little Satin Bottoms to avail themselves of the night. I suspect this was only the first move by our unknown foe. While that occured, however, this very laboratory was plagued by another bizarre experience. Citizens of the Hellfire Club, I suggest to you that as of last night we should consider ourselves standing at the dawn of war!
(Consternation.)

DALE: Who with?
DASHWOOD: War to the knife, war to the death, be it the death of our enemies or even our own ultimate destruction. And, Brothers, I do believe we can avoid such destruction. I believe we can, we will, prevail. But should we fail, Brothers in Lucifer, we will go down to perdition unless each and every one is ready to give that one thing without which no war can be won. Loyalty!
(Cheers.)
DALE: Loyalty, everyone. Loyalty to Mister Dashwood. Loyalty to Lucifer. Mister Dashwood will save our souls. Believe in him (continues underneath-)
DASHWOOD: Monik, monik, monik, dewale neveh sith. Behold our saviour!
(Electronic sound and a whumph.)
DASHWOOD: Brothers, allow me to intruduce Marchosias.
MARCHOSIAS: Why have you summoned me, master?
DASHWOOD: Is the PSI machine repaired?
DALE: Just about, Mister Dashwood.
DASHWOOD: Just about will do for now, Doctor Pargeter. All right, if you would be so kind.
DALE: He's regaining consciousness, Mister Dashwood, sir.
PICKERING: What, what's going on? Holy!
DASHWOOD: Not really, Waldo. Brothers in Lucifer, Marchosias has a new home.
MARCHOSIAS: Indeed.
DASHWOOD: Dale, the machine, if you please.
(Keyboard sounds.)
MARCHOSIAS: Ah. Primitive but effective.
(The machine starts up.)
PICKERING: Hey, who the heck are you? No! Stay back! Untie me, Dashwood! Untie me! Ah, ah, argh!
(Marchosias roars.)
MARCHOSIAS: My, my, what a pathetic body. Am I supposed to co-exist in this for long?
DASHWOOD: No, my friend. Co-existence is unnecessary. We don't need Waldo Pickering any more, just his form. It is your body now. Do with it as you will.
MARCHOSIAS: It will take some getting used to. However, I think I can master this.
(The demon's deep, booming voice changes.)
PICKERING: What do I have to do, master?
DASHWOOD: Win a war for us before it really begins.
(The inmates are whimpering.)
CRANE: Something rather extraordinary must be happening back in the lab. I can feel it in the air. So can they.
DOCTOR: Gallifrey. I come from the planet Gallifrey. I know I do. I'm sure I do. I'm a Time Lord, and I'm in my eighth regenerative state. My vessel is the Tardis, an acronym for Time And Regen. No, no, no. Time And Causative. No, what's happening to my head?
CRANE: You're getting there, aren't you, old man? With each passing moment, the truth gets harder to deny. And that truth is that you are a madman, Zebadiah.
DOCTOR: Doctor. My name is the Doctor. I remember.
CRANE: A common or garden psychopath adopting a professional state rather than a name. How schitzoid is that, Doctor?
DOCTOR: If I'm not mad I soon will be with you going on all the time.
CRANE: Oh, let's face it. Have you been acting sanely since we were brought in? A sane man would have behaved in a calm, rational manner. Made the orderlies and Doctor Pargeter realise he didn't belong here. He wouldn't have howled at the moon or claimed to have seen demons in the streets. Now you suggest that not only are you sane and rational, but superlatively intelligent. A Time Lord? I don't think so.
DOCTOR: Can it be true? The Tardis? Gallifrey? Charley? Ramsey? All fantasies, something I've dreamt up to justify my problems? No, no, no, no, no, I won't accept that. I reject your claims and I claim my identity. I know who I am.
CRANE: No, Doctor, all you know is that you are. Cogito ergo sum. But as to what we are, that's something we have to take on trust courtesy of memories which could be false and impressions which could be illusory.
DOCTOR: But, but then please tell me, who am I?
BECKY-LEE: I've a feeling we're way behind on points and it's time to start kicking some serious demon butt. You in, Charley?

(Eating.)
CHARLEY: Yes, so long as we can find the Doctor.
BECKY-LEE: Seems a good idea to me. Maybe you can help. Now, where am I going to rustle up some demon spawn to hurt?
PICKERING: Hi there, girls. Hey, Charley, you don't look so good. Didn't you sleep well?
CHARLEY: Good morning, Senator. No, not really.
PICKERING: Why don't you go back to bed. Rest awhile. Let me fix you up some of my finest posset.
CHARLEY: Well, Becky-Lee and I were
BECKY-LEE: Hey, Grandpappy's right. Get a couple more hours. If you're good, he'll come up and read you a story.
CHARLEY: All right, if you're sure.
BECKY-LEE: I'm sure.
CHARLEY: Thank you. Both of you.
(Door closes.)
PICKERING: And what are you up to, young lady?
BECKY-LEE: You seem awfully bright this morning, grandpappy. Things with the videotape go well?
PICKERING: Better than well, Becky-Lee. Just about perfect, in fact. But you'll just have to wait a while before you find out *how* well, so no more interrogations.
BECKY-LEE: Oh, I can handle suspense. Tell me something, though. Have you noticed any new arrivals in town over the last couple of days? Apart from me and Charley. In particular, any Brits?
PICKERING: You know, I can help you there. A guy by the name of Leatherbridge, Lethbridge Stewart, that's it. Lethbridge Stewart from England. Part of the secession party. Real nice guy. Could be he's your man. Most likely you'll find him at the Friendly Inn Motel on Tennyson Boulevard.
BECKY-LEE: Well, wow. Thanks, grandpappy. I'll head over there. High time I got into evil combating mode. Bye now.
(Door closes.)
PICKERING: Bye now, Becky-Lee.
MARCHOSIAS: Now to taste the delights of you, my flesh.
DOCTOR: I am the Doctor. I *am* the Doctor.
CRANE: And what *is* the Doctor? Can you tell me that? A bicardial biped of Gallifrey, a spatio-temporal rolling stone who's had more faces than a dog has had fleas. A wide-eyed idealist who renounced his Time Lord heritage centuries ago about some misplaced revolutionary fervour, and has never since had the maturity to
DOCTOR: How do you know that, Gideon? I've never told that to anybody.
CRANE: Charley, Sam, Ace, Evelyn, Nyssa, Romana, Sarah Jane, Jamie, Polly, Ian, Barbara and Susan, Dear, dear Susan.
DOCTOR: How? How do you know all this?
CRANE: I know everything there is to know about these matters. Haven't you worked it out yet? You aren't the Doctor, my poor mad confused friend. No, I am.

[Part Three]

DOCTOR: You're the Doctor? Don't be ridiculous. You're Gideon Crane. I heard you tell them.
CRANE: I can understand your perplexity, old man, so don't worry. How do you think *I* felt when I woke up the other morning and found the chap in the compartment next to me was announcing to all and sundry that he was me!
DOCTOR: Why didn't you protest before? Why that business in the laboratory?
CRANE: What do you think? I want out of this place, this asylum. I was hardly going to tell the authorities to ignore what *you* were saying because *I* was really the Time Lord from outer space. No, I engaged my brain before activating my voice. I came up with a nom-de-plume, Gideon Crane of the London Torch, and a cover story that I was here to follow this state's emergence as the USA's fifty first. Then once I'd convinced them I was sane, I knew they'd let me go. So, if you're me, if you're the Doctor, you explain why you didn't do that, eh?
DOCTOR: Oh no, no, no, no, no. Surely it's your job to convince me why, if I'm not the Doctor, I think I am.
CRANE: That's easy, old man. You're insane.

CHARLEY: Oh. Gosh, who's that?
(Knocking on door.)
CHARLEY: Hello? I'm just going to sleep.
(Door broken down. Marchosias roars.)
CHARLEY: Senator Pickering! That's an unusual way of entering a lady's boudoir!
MARCHOSIAS: Ha! (sings, sort of) Charley is my darling, my darling, my darling. Hold still, little girl. I won't take long to kill you.
CHARLEY: Charming!
MARCHOSIAS: No more than an hour or two. Honest.
CHARLEY: You're not Becky-Lee's grandfather, I take it.
MARCHOSIAS: You think? Hmm, let's see. I smash doors down, I enter young lady's bedrooms, I want to kill you. Nope, I guess I'm not him.
(Charley throws something, which breaks.)
MARCHOSIAS: Hey, that was a gift from Becky-Lee's mom. Used to keep good time, too.
CHARLEY: You, you beast!
MARCHOSIAS: Yep. Oh, and if I can do that to a door, I don't think a chair is really going to slow me down, do you?
CHARLEY: It's not for you.
(Crash of glass! Charley cries out.)
MARCHOSIAS: Why, you
PICKERING: Young varmint. Now just come back here, now, you hear me?
(Sounds of the outside.)
MARCHOSIAS: I wonder how far I could jump and chase her before this body's heart went bang? No, better not risk it.
(Typing on keyboard.)
BRIGADIER: Message timed twelve fourteen EST. Nothing to report since this AM. Will shortly attempt to gain readmittance to
(Knock on door.)
BRIGADIER: Hang on.
(Unlocks door and opens it.)
BRIGADIER: Hello. May I help you?
BECKY-LEE: Hiya. I'm not selling anything.
BRIGADIER: Of course not.
BECKY-LEE: I'm here on behalf of Charley Pollard?
BRIGADIER: Never heard of him. Awfully sorry, I don't follow much American TV or pop music.
BECKY-LEE: It is Doctor Lethbridge Stewart, isn't it?
BRIGADIER: I'm not a doctor, no.
BECKY-LEE: Oh. Seen any demons recently?
BRIGADIER: I think perhaps you should come in, young lady. Miss er?
BECKY-LEE: Just call me Becky-Lee.
(Door closes.)
(Breathless.)
CHARLEY: All right. Right. Charley, that's not Waldo Pickering. I'd better warn Becky-Lee. But where is she now? And how far am I going to get in this nightdress and no slippers. Ow! Of course, the Tardis. If I can find the Tardis. I remember it landing. Oh, where? Where? It was dark, and there was a face on the scanner, and I woke up in that awful room with Becky-Lee and those other poor girls. Ow! Maybe I should try and find that. See if I can jog my memory and retrace my steps.
(Motorbike engine.)
BRIGADIER: Are you sure you know how to drive this machine?
BECKY-LEE: Sure I do.
BRIGADIER: Er, the alley's just around here.
BECKY-LEE: This one?
BRIGADIER: Yes.
(Engine stops.)
BRIGADIER: Oh. I must get one of these for Doris.
BECKY-LEE: Can't see any demons now. Wait here.
BRIGADIER: All right.
(Footsteps.)
BRIGADIER: Are you sure you're all right?

BECKY-LEE [OC]: Been fighting demons for years. Perfectly safe. Oh.
BRIGADIER: Hold on, I'm coming. I'm, I'm
BECKY-LEE: No, no, I'm fine. That's very odd. You know, there's a big blue
BRIGADIER: What I don't understand is how you got involved.
BECKY-LEE: Me and Charley got picked up and taken to the Hellfire Club, where some mad woman called Pargeter said we were to become the Pretty Little Satin Bottoms
BRIGADIER: Pargeter? What, Doctor Pargeter? Why do all roads lead to the Dashwood Institute, I wonder.
BECKY-LEE: Never mind me, what about you? You said something about the United Nations, yeah?
BRIGADIER: Yes, got brought in undercover to explore the Dashwood Institute. When we brought our version of their PSI machine online, there was an almighty ruckus from the government's Doomwatch thinktanks. They claimed it could be used to bring in eugenics by the back door. That a man's psychic matrix could be transferred to an electronic memory.
BECKY-LEE: I see. No, I don't. What's the problem?
BRIGADIER: Well, when they return the memories to the host, they could have edited them, taken away the elements that make them undesirable. Designer brains, that's the buzz word they're using in Whitehall.
BECKY-LEE: So you got sent over here to scout around.
BRIGADIER: And although I can't prove it, that Institute has something more going on than just the PSI experiments on some unfortunate patients. I just can't prove anything, and now I. Hello, are you listening?
BECKY-LEE: Mister Lethbridge Stewart, look here. There're sulphur deposits and scorch marks on the side of the alley. You were right. Genuine manifestations. No projections or illusions here.
BRIGADIER: Urgh. Well, thank you for endorsing what I saw. So nice to be believed.
BECKY-LEE: But if you're not Charley's friend, I wonder who is?
BRIGADIER: Charley's friend? Well, who might that be?
BECKY-LEE: Someone she came here with. A Brit. She calls him a doctor.
BRIGADIER: Doctor? But, no. No, that's too much of a coincidence.
BECKY-LEE: What is?
BRIGADIER: I knew a man who called himself the Doctor. If he were here, he could help us. Where's this Charley from?
BECKY-LEE: Somewhere between England and Mars, I think. She might be a bit mad. She didn't know what television was.
BRIGADIER: Perfect. Sounds like the Doctor's type.
BECKY-LEE: You mean, when she said she was from 1930 she meant it?
BRIGADIER: Probably. Right, come on then.
BECKY-LEE: And just where are we going now?
BRIGADIER: The Institute, of course. There was a man there, posing as a journalist. Gideon Crane, he said his name was. I should have realised it. He tried to tell me *he* was the Doctor. Said he knew me. And those demons that chased me and that other fellow. Oh, just the sort of thing the Doctor would be mixed up with.
BECKY-LEE: So, the Institute, yeah?
BRIGADIER: One other thing though, Miss Kowalczck.
BECKY-LEE: What's that?
BRIGADIER: I'll drive your motorised beast this time.
BECKY-LEE: Hey!
CRANE: The way I see it is this. Ahem. Now, tell me, Doctor, if you still insist on my name.
DOCTOR: Yes, I most certainly do.
CRANE: As you wish. Now, do you remember arriving in America at all?
DOCTOR: Yes.
CRANE: How?
DOCTOR: By er, T. All right, no.
CRANE: You and Charley have just left Venice. Lovely big party, got a bit wet on the canals, yes? And when we got back to the Tardis I er, sorry, you decided it was time to see an old friend here in the States. Grace, yes?
DOCTOR: Grace?
CRANE: So, after setting the coordinates we, sorry, you and Charley decided there was one other thing to do first.

DOCTOR: So I said to Lincoln, Abe, I said, don't go to the theatre. I couldn't have been clearer.
(Operating the console. Ramsey the Vortisaur is squawking a bit.)
DOCTOR: I've seen Our American Cousin, I told him. Not a laugh in it.
CHARLEY: Doctor.
DOCTOR: The only good thing in it is that Booth fellow, but he's not performing tonight. Did he listen? Do they ever listen?
CHARLEY: Doctor.
DOCTOR: None of them listen, and I imagine you've not been listening either, have you?
CHARLEY: Ramsey's sad.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, Charley, but I just don't think it's fair any more.
CHARLEY: Oh, but Doctor, he's so sweet.
DOCTOR: Charley, he's not been well. That has, I suspect, been curbing his more antisocial tendencies. Living in the Tardis environs has probably kept him effectively fed and watered long enough. We're in the vortex. We can let him go now. He needs to be back amongst the other Vortisaurs.
CHARLEY: Oh, he loves us, don't you, boy?
DOCTOR: Charley. Charley, Charley, what am I to do with you? Vortisaurs are dangerous carnivores. They feed off time. Remember what happened to that man's arm on the R101?
CHARLEY: He was going to die anyway.
DOCTOR: Yes.
CHARLEY: Oh, I'm sorry, Doctor. Really I am. I didn't mean that. But Ramsey's just a baby. He's tame.
DOCTOR: I doubt that, Charley. He's, he's just been sick but now he's fine. And no, Ramsey, your charm doesn't work on me.
(The Tardis stops.)
DOCTOR: Here we are, the epicentre of the vortex, where he first hitched a lift and
(Squawk! Flapping of wings.)
DOCTOR: Er, Charley, very slowly back away.
CHARLEY: He won't hurt me, will you, boy.
DOCTOR: Charley, get down.
(Ramsey flies around, occasionally diving.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, what's he doing?
DOCTOR: True colours, Charley, true colours.
CHARLEY: But I looked after him. Why's he going for me?
DOCTOR: Food.
CHARLEY: What? I'm not food!
DOCTOR: Oh yes you are, Charley, to Ramsey. He can sense the time distortion around you. The fabric of the Web of Time splintering all over you. I don't understand it either but hold on, I'm going to try ejecting him.
CHARLEY: How?
DOCTOR: Come on, Ramsey. Leave Charley. Nice Time Lord. Here, yum yums. Remember my blood? Remember how you liked the taste of that? Come to me.
CHARLEY: Doctor, don't get too close to the doors.
DOCTOR: Now, Charley. Open the doors now.
CHARLEY: But you
DOCTOR: Now!
(The doors open.)
DOCTOR: It's working, Charley. Charley, he's being drawn out, back into the very heart of the vortex.
CHARLEY: So are you!
DOCTOR: He's feeding off the time energy inside and outside.
(Sounds like rushing wind.)
DOCTOR: (distorted) Con, con, concentrate, Charley. Close the doors.
CHARLEY: (distorted) I'm, I'm trying. I'm trying.
DOCTOR: Oh, no! Try an emergency materialisation. Bounce us straight out of the centre of the time distortion.
CHARLEY: Is that safe?
DOCTOR: Absolutely not. Normally I'd forbid such a rash of action, but needs.
CHARLEY: I can't reach it. Everything's sparking out.
DOCTOR: Hit everything at once, now!

(Mad flurry of console controls then just the engines. The voice distortions have stopped.)
CHARLEY: Where are we going?
DOCTOR: I don't know. Oh, my head. My head hurts.
CHARLEY: Oh, Doctor. On the scanner. There's a man
DOCTOR: The Tardis will avoid him. I hope. Argh!
(The Tardis materialises.)
DOCTOR: My head. Must get fresh air. Must get out.
CRANE: And the next thing I knew, that we both knew, was that we were waking up in here, in this, this loony bin. Like to hazard a guess what happened next?
DOCTOR: Amaze me.
CRANE: Well, my surmise is that whatever the time distortion broke in the Tardis affected the symbiotic nuclei. You do know what a symbiotic nucleus is, I suppose?
DOCTOR: I think so.
CRANE: The means by which the Tardis controls are inextricably bound to the psychic profile of the particular Time Lord assigned to the particular Tardis. Or in my, our, case, not so much assigned as, well, utilised, anyway. Permanently locked in the Doctor's mind, old man. So, if that went seriously wrong, the Doctor's mind could so easily be scrambled by the experience.
DOCTOR: That doesn't explain why we both remember being the Doctor.
CRANE: Ah, well, the Tardis crash-landed in this town down a rather dodgy back alley where one who shall now be referred to as Zebadiah Doe was answering a call of nature or some such. Admiring the night sky and the bright moonshine. The temporal field, disrupted by Ramsey's frenzied attack, was spilling out from everywhere, and the already raw and damaged nuclei created a link between the two people rather than the Doctor and his ship. A vast swathe of the Doctor's memories and thought patterns would have flooded into the other's mind, wiping out what was already there and turning him into a copy of the Doctor. You're just a facsimile, if a fairly good one, of me, I'm afraid. Some of my most recent memories, yes, but little of my deeper past.
DOCTOR: It was you. You were the face on the scanner.
CRANE: No, how many more times. You were.
DOCTOR: Rubbish.
CRANE: Let's put this to the test, then, all right? Twenty questions. Number one.
DASHWOOD: We only need to get a few more thousand tonight. I'll be Governor within the week and. No, I have put a plan into motion already. No, Waldo Pickering is no longer any threat. Malabogia's succession is now a certainty.
(Knock on door.)
DASHWOOD: Look, Bobby Joe. You concentrate on getting tonight's telethon looking like a class one programme, I'll concentrate on the detail here. I will.
(Knocking.)
DASHWOOD: Look, I gotta go. Talk to you later.
(Telephone is put down.)
DASHWOOD: Come in.
(Door opens.)
DALE: Brigham.
(Door closes.)
DALE: Success. Those catatonic patients you wanted? Arriving this afternoon. Transferred down from one of the clubs in
DASHWOOD: Churches, Dale. From today on they are churches. At least as far as the balance sheets go.
DALE: All right, there's no need to get precious. Churches it is, Brigham. Anyway, they'll be here by dinnertime tonight.
DASHWOOD: You don't need me there, do you? Only tonight's the big night on TV.
DALE: Strangely enough, Brigham, I have been planning this for a long time.
DASHWOOD: I'm sorry, Dale. Of course you have.
DALE: Zebadiah goes back on the PSI. I copy his matrix into the memory by stages, and each time transfer the stage into a catatonic patient before wiping the memory and going on to the next stage.
DASHWOOD: If this man really has the mental capacity we think, it'll be far more managable spread amongst a dozen others.
DALE: One question. If Marchosias is using Pickering's body, do you want me to wipe the Senator's stored brainprints?

DASHWOOD: Hell, no, Dale. Insufferable idiot he may be, but Waldo is, ha, *was*, of great political pedigree, and quite shrewd. Transfer it onto a couple of megagig quantum CD roms. I intend to make use of his experience over the next few decades. Dale, please don't forget that my love for you surpasses all of this. You do know that, don't you?
DALE: Yes. Yes, I do. Oh, Brigham, when was the last time we shared a meal? Just us. When was the last time we took a weekend away?
DASHWOOD: You're right, Dale. I've been uncaring and too wrapped up in all this. Once tonight is out of the way, I promise we'll make time.
DALE: I'll go and prepare Zebadiah Doe for transfer.
DASHWOOD: And I'll see you later after the broadcast.
(Door opens and closes.)
DASHWOOD: Okay, you can crawl out of the shadows now, Marchosias. I know you're there.
(Marchosias is heavily sarcastic throughout.)
MARCHOSIAS: Fascinating, Mister Dashwood. I had no idea you and Doctor Pargeter were so allied. Why keep it so secret?
DASHWOOD: It would hardly befit my television persona as a man of the Lord to be seen cavorting with the hired help, now would it?
MARCHOSIAS: A man of the Lord? Oh yes, I saw your mail order diploma hanging on the walls of Hell. How many milk carton proofs of purchase did you have to send off?
DASHWOOD: I will not endure this for much longer, Marchosias. In case you've forgotten, by the incantations of the Hellfire Club, Lucifer has provided you to do *my* bidding, not give me smart ass backchat. Now, I need to be in an absolutely serene state of mind to deliver tonight's evangelical message to the masses. Did you want anything?
MARCHOSIAS: Oh, nothing. In fact, I think I have everything I need right now. Thank you, O master. If I may skidaddle?
DASHWOOD: Go, and remember your job this afternoon. The local TV reporters will be here in an hour.
MARCHOSIAS: You're such a superb schemer, O master. Even Lucifer himself bows down before your skill.
(Electronic noise as it leaves.)
DASHWOOD: Dale, Marchosias, Zebadiah Doe. Why must I ally myself with (sigh) with such tawdriness.
(Motorbike engine.)
BECKY-LEE: Whoa.
BRIGADIER: This modern Hellfire Club on Twenty Sixth Street. Presumably they're responsible.
BECKY-LEE: Not from what I saw. None of that lot could conjure up a box of Snickers. You need a master magician to channel the energy from the chants and sacrifices. I just thought. Some clubs in Europe have got round this by using electronic channelling techniques. Digital demonology, the wave of the future.
BRIGADIER: Using electronics that control psychic emanations.
BECKY-LEE: No one wants good old honest craftsmanship these days.
BRIGADIER: Now, what was I saying about all roads leading to Brigham Elisha Dashwood?
CHARLEY: Hello? Anybody there? One empty Hellfire Club. Time for a bit of a nose around, Miss Pollard. See what we can
DALE: Can I help you?
CHARLEY: Oh! Oh my, you gave me such a start, creeping around like that. It's not right.
DALE: Whereas breaking and entering a private dwelling is okay, yes?
CHARLEY: Breaking and? I'll have you know I did no such thing. The door was wide open. Look.
DALE: Of course it was. I was escorting a new batch of young ladies to their (pause) gainful employment.
CHARLEY: Oh.
DALE: Have we met before?
CHARLEY: Ye, er, no! No, I don't think so.
DALE: Oh well, we have now. Come with me. Dressed in nothing but a nightdress. You must be freezing.
CHARLEY: Nightdress? Oh, oh yes, silly me. Tell you what, I'll just go home and change, and then come back and ow! Let me go, you brute! Oh, Senator. Oh, no. No, it's you again, isn't it.
MARCHOSIAS: Hello, beautiful. Oh, sorry to burst in unannounced, Doctor Pargeter.
DALE: Pleased to see you, Marchosias. Can you help bring this wayward girl upstairs to join the

other Pretty Little Satin Bottoms?
CHARLEY: Oh, botheration.
CRANE: Now, the Doctor and Turlough encounter lupine activity in which South American country?
DOCTOR: Lupine, werewolves, er. No, no, no, I don't
CRANE: Rio. Next. When Victoria Waterfield left the Tardis, what was the name of the family she moved in with?
DOCTOR: Victoria. Er, ah, don't tell me.
CRANE: The Harrises. Whose Limitation Effect precludes multiple temporal re-entries.
DOCTOR: Blinovitch.
CRANE: Oh, very well done. One out of twenty. Go to the top of the class. Of course, things wouldn't be so bad if they hadn't used that machine on you.
DOCTOR: The PSI895?
CRANE: You see, the Time Lord thought patterns you'd absorbed when our minds melded, well, the poor circuitry of the PSI machine simply wasn't designed to cope with it. And I was standing nearby, so I copped a blast of hopelessly distorted brainwaves and ended up back here. Oh, never mind. I'll soon convince them I'm fit to walk amongst the compos mentis again. It's you I'm worrying about, friend Zebadiah.
DOCTOR: Really? Why's that?
CRANE: What must all these revelations be doing to you? You're already confused enough about your identity.
DOCTOR: Maybe you're right. I don't admit to anything, of course, but let's suppose you are. That would mean that the PSI recorded the mangled matrices of both of us from my brain. Before it blew a fuse, I mean. Somewhere on a quantum CD ROM that brain pattern might still exist. If I could superimpose it upon the matrix my brain already contains
CRANE: The part of the recorded matrix which is the *real* you would boost the original residue you retain and bingo! You'd be back in your original personality with no delusions about being the Doctor. Very good. I was wondering if you'd see it eventually.
(That minuet is playing again.)
DASHWOOD: So close to ascendence. So close to becoming Governor, and then one step to the White House. Marchosias ridiculing me. Dale Pargeter like a love-sick puppy dog rapidly outliving her usefullness for the campaign. (sings) Dashwood for the White House let the anthem ring, Dashwood for the White House let the children sing.
(Telephone rings.)
DASHWOOD: Yes? Oh, Dale, hi honey. Oh, excellent. Patch them through to my CCTV monitor, will you? Okay, it's on and oh my. Dale, excellent! A lovely new batch of girls for tonight and stop. That one, beside you. Yes, her. Barefoot, flimsy little nightdress. Bring her closer to the camera. Dale, listen to me. Have her segregated from the rest. Never mind why. All right, look, I've seen her before. She's one of the ones who must have escaped last night. Yes, yes. So have her bathed and scented and dressed in costume number, ah yes, number seventeen. With real jewellery.
MARCHOSIAS: Dress seventeen, Queen of Hell special. Your beloved Brigham's planning to get married.
DALE: What?
CHARLEY: Married? Me?
DALE: He can't marry her.
MARCHOSIAS: Why not? I would. She's gorgeous.
DALE: Because, because.
MARCHOSIAS: Oh. Right. Because you love him and think he'll marry you. Of course. Silly of me. I shouldn't have said a thing.
DALE: Take her and get her changed. I'm going to see Brigham.
CHARLEY: Hey, last time I was trapped with him, he tried to eat me! Hey, come back! Oh, great. You, me and your appetite.
MARCHOSIAS: Consider yourself lucky, Charley. I've just eaten. Literally.
CHARLEY: I don't understand.
MARCHOSIAS: We are demons. We demons like a bit of nice meat now and again, but to be honest, we thrive on raw emotion. Fear, hate, jealousy and anger, best meal of the day.
CHARLEY: You should have a big wooden spoon for stirring things up.
MARCHOSIAS: I should get dressed if I were you.
CHARLEY: And if I don't?

MARCHOSIAS: I've still got room for dessert.
CHARLEY: Ah. I'll just get dressed, then.
DASHWOOD: (singing) Dashwood for the White House let the anthem ring, Dashwood for the White House let the children sing.
(Door opens.)
DALE: Brigham.
DASHWOOD: Dale, my dear. You look marvellous.
DALE: So, this is my reward for years of loyalty. Cast off like an old girdle.
DASHWOOD: Dale, my darling, what are you talking about?
DALE: Dress seventeen. Marchosias told me.
DASHWOOD: Oh, Marchosias told you. Spending a lot of time with him, are you? He's a demon, Dale, my sweet. A mischievious imp. His landlord is the King of Lies and Deceit, Lucifer himself. Marchosias is becoming more trouble than he's worth. Once he's made his broadcast this afternoon, I think it's time to rid ourselves of him. Here, take this.
DALE: What is this?
DASHWOOD: Holy water, Dale. I keep one with me at all times. You have one for yourself. Sprinkle it on him and poof! He's gone, back to everlasting torment and agony.
DALE: Right. And this Queen of Hell routine?
DASHWOOD: Darling, it's just a charade. A thing to make Lucifer rise finally. It's a Queen for him, not me.
DALE: All right. The comatose patients are in the PSI room, ready for transfer. I'd like to go and deal with that. I'm sure the people at the Club can deal with the girls and our Queen of Hell.
CHARLEY: Traditional corsets I can deal with, but I'm certainly not used to leather.
MARCHOSIAS: Mmm, my favourite colour. Bright red.
CHARLEY: Where exactly does Marchosias end and Waldo Pickering begin? I'd hate to think he was watching this as well.
MARCHOSIAS: What? Don't you like dirty old men?
CHARLEY: No, I mean that underneath his bluster he's a decent human being who'd probably hate to see his body abused so by the likes of you.
MARCHOSIAS: A few odd memories aside, there's little of the Senator here. Oh yes, I like the spikes.
CHARLEY: Am I supposed to walk in those boots? Those heels'll have someone's, well, eye out if they get down that far.
MARCHOSIAS: Spikes are very popular with Lucifer, you know. The denizens of Hell, they like that sort of thing. Don't forget the bracelets.
CHARLEY: Are you really from Hell?
MARCHOSIAS: And I like your hair up that way.
CHARLEY: Don't change the subject.
MARCHOSIAS: You seem like an extraordinarily intelligent girl. You tell me.
CHARLEY: I don't think you are. I don't know who or what you really are, but all that sulphur and brimstone
MARCHOSIAS: The Hellfire Club likes it. Dashwood likes it.
CHARLEY: Who's he?
DOCTOR: Someone's coming.
CRANE: Certainly are. I wonder who?
DALE: All right, you two. The one in cell five. Be careful, he can be dangerous.
(Cell door opened electronically.)
DOCTOR: Doctor Pargeter. You couldn't have come at a better time. We think we know how to cure me.
DALE: Just hold still while they put the cuffs on.
DOCTOR: Now I'm quite willing to come along provided you put me back onto the PSI machine. You see
DALE: Quiet, Zebadiah. I'm not in the mood.
DOCTOR: You see, Gideon? It'll work out. (hauled away) No, no.
(Cell door slides shut.)
CRANE: Poor mad fool. Quite delusional.
(Turning pages.)
GUARD: Yeah, well, I got your name here but no special entry pass. Who's she?
BRIGADIER [OC]: What? Oh, oh yes. This is Miss Kowalczck, my personal assistant. She should be cleared as well. Now hurry up, man. We haven't got all day. Mister Dashwood will be

waiting.
GUARD: He ain't here.
BRIGADIER [OC]: Well, Doctor Pargeter, then.
GUARD: Yeah, okay. You'll need to sign in here, okay?
BRIGADIER [OC]: Right-o. On our way.
(Beep. Door slides open.)
BRIGADIER: Guard probably can't see us now. He'll be in that small room. The first thing I want to do is check up on that Zebadiah chap in the holding cell area. That's where I brought him back to after those demons attacked us. Can you try and find the Doctor?
BECKY-LEE: Down here?
BRIGADIER: Yes, I think so. Wait for me.
DALE: Mister Lethbridge Stewart? How nice of you to come by.
(Door slides open.)
CRANE: Hello, more visitors. Can't have finished with the poor delusional Zebadiah already.
BECKY-LEE: Afternoon, ladies and gentlemen. Anyone here gone mad and works for something called UNIT?
(Someone laughs.)
BECKY-LEE: Not you, evidently.
CRANE: Over here, young lady. Did you say UNIT?
BECKY-LEE: That's right. Do you know Lethbridge Stewart?
CRANE: The Brigadier! I certainly used to. Well, I'm the Doctor, and
BECKY-LEE: Doctor? Charley's Doctor?
CRANE: Charley? Yes. Do you know where she is?
BECKY-LEE: She's safe, back at my house with my grandfather.
CRANE: Excellent. Couldn't be in safer hands, then. Er, who are you?
BECKY-LEE: Becky-Lee. I'm everyone's get-out clause.
DALE: If you could just sign in, Mister Lethbridge Stewart.
BRIGADIER: Yes, of course.
SECURITY: What about your personal assistant?
DALE: Who?
BRIGADIER: Oh, Miss Kowalczck. She's gone to park our er, she's gone to park our transport. She'll buzz back later.
DALE: Let's go. And oh, Joe, quickly, turn your TV sound up, please.
GUARD: Okay.
TELEVISION: Senator Waldo Pickering, one of the candidates for Governorship. Senator Pickering, may I ask you
PICKERING: This won't take long, boys. You see, all I have to announce is this. As of now, I'm standing down as candidate for Governor.
(Gasps)
TELEVISON: Senator, surely you
PICKERING: My reasons for this decision are mighty simple. I no longer believe myself to be the best man for the job.
TELEVISION: Well, this is amazing. Senator, Senator Pickering, I was wondering if
DALE: Well, what a surprise.
BRIGADIER: Indeed a surprise. Still, back to the business in hand. I'd really like to see that chap I brought back to you. Zebadiah Doe, I think you called him?
DALE: Oh, I'm sorry, but you've wasted your journey. He's heavily under sedation. Now, if there's nothing else.
BRIGADIER: Well, I was hoping to talk to you about the experiments in general, really.
DALE: I've a heavy workload tonight, and of course we all want to watch Mister Dashwood's programme later. Joe, could you see Mister Lethbridge Stewart off the premises.
BECKY-LEE: Charley will be fine. She's probably watching cartoons or something. Having a soda with grandpappy. So, let's concentrate on the here and now. She wanted me to find you. So did the Brigadier.
CRANE: Ah, good old Lethbridge Stewart. I saw him earlier. Didn't recognise me, of course.
BECKY-LEE: Do a lot of undercover disguise work, yeah?
CRANE: Sort of. Man of a million faces, you see.
BECKY-LEE: What do we do now? The Brigadier was nabbed by some woman doctor and
CRANE: The redoubtable Doctor Pargeter, no doubt.
BECKY-LEE: Whoever. But she didn't see me, so we should be able to get out easily enough,

meet up with the Brig and Charley and
CRANE: No, no. While I was free to move around earlier, I examined that laboratory of Doctor Pargeter's. The doors from these cells can be operated from within there as an additional security measure.
BECKY-LEE: Or a last line of defence.
CRANE: Well indeed, that too. However, there's no point in me getting free when there are guards everywhere.
BECKY-LEE: But if we could get the building evacuated?
CRANE: And I think I know just how to do that.
DALE: Ah, there you are, Zebadiah. Sorry to keep you waiting. Bumped into a rather awkward soul who needed dealing with.
DOCTOR: Who's that?
DALE: Someone a bit like you.
DOCTOR: An amnesiac?
DALE: No, but certainly a man without any apparent past.
DOCTOR: I see.
DALE: Now, you aren't going to give me any trouble, are you?
DOCTOR: No, but who are these poor souls? I was examining them. They appear catatonic. Some kind of deep shock or trauma, I imagine. I wonder if you'd consider
DALE: Not your problem, Zebadiah. Now let's get you sorted once and for all. I'm afraid I need to wire you up to the PSI machine again.
DOCTOR: I was trying to explain earlier that's exactly what I want. That if you could get the quantum CD ROM with what you took from my mind earlier and re-input it, then I c
DALE: Sorry, what did you say? Well, whatever. Not your problem. Oh, and by the way. Lie down, will you? There's a good chap. Thank you. That's fine.
(Keyboard.)
DALE: Now, as I was saying. You'll be able to help these poor souls, actually.
DOCTOR: How can I help catatonics if I'm strapped to this couch?
DALE: Commencing procedure.
DOCTOR: Doctor Pargeter, wait. If I could just explain what I think happened to Gideon Crane and I.
(Machine powers up.)
DASHWOOD: Brothers in Lucifer! Hellfire!
ALL: Hellfire!
DASHWOOD: I'm delighted to see you, friends. After the events of last night, I thought we needed something to cheer ourselves up.
(Cheers.)
DASHWOOD: As y'all know, tonight is important. In three short hours, I will begin broadcasting from the studios of WBED Television. I shall be broadcasting my regular sermon, but this time with a difference. Tonight's will be a political rallying cry, and with Waldo Pickering on our side
(Cheers.)
DASHWOOD: No, seriously. With Waldo out of the running, tonight I must win over the hearts and minds of so many, and start my campaign as Governor!
(Cheers and applause.)
DASHWOOD: And as I begin my ascension to political power, so we will all ascend to power of a very different kind here in the Hellfire Club. We will go forth together to gain power over this country and its bewildered, morally corrupt people. We will be a new light into their lives. But before there can be a cleansing light, there must be a dark. I mean to unite my body and spirit with the personification of all that is infernal. Friends, I give you the Queen of Hell!
(Cheers.)
CHARLEY: Hello, everybody. This is awfully nice of you. Ow! Ow! Sorry. Not used to this er, interesting outfit. Spikes are giving me a bit of a problem.
DASHWOOD: Please, my love, my bride, stay just where you are now.
CHARLEY: Is that a gun? Are you going to shoot me?
DASHWOOD: Shoot you? (laughs) No, no, my dear girl. It will transfigure you. This is my Trans-D. The gateway into a new reality for you. And thanks to the miracle of single molecular microcircuitry, well, watch the birdie, my lovely.
(Electronic noise.)
DASHWOOD: Farewell, my lovely.
CHARLEY: What are you doing? What's this?

DASHWOOD: That, my dear, is a dimensional interface to Hell, where a demon will take over your body and become my Queen. Goodbye.
CHARLEY: What? No! No! No!

[Part Four]

DALE: Sorry, Zebadiah, I have to leave you now.
DOCTOR: What? What are you doing?
DALE: You have exhibited the most amazing mental capacity this machine has ever recorded. Wasted on you. So we're taking all of you and distributing it amongst these poor wretches.
DOCTOR: That's why you needed catatonics. No active brain patterns to wipe first. That's inhuman!
DALE: No. That's science. That's technology. This, however, is goodbye.
(Door opens.)
DALE: Bye.
DOCTOR: No. No! You're duplicating my brainwaves. Weakening the original. My brain, my mind, my memories. Noooooo!
(The machine powers down. The catatonics awake, moaning.)
MAN: Where, where am I?
WOMAN: Who, who am I?
MAN: I remember now. Hello, everyone. I'm the Doctor.
MAN 2: No, no, I'm the Doctor.
WOMAN: No, I'm the Doctor.
DOCTOR: Hello, everyone. I'm the Doctor.
(Overlapping voices saying I'm the Doctor.)
DOCTOR: Yes, that's it. Now I understand. Everyone in the universe is the Doctor! Everyone except me.
MARCHOSIAS: Hellfire. Hellfire. Hellfire.
CHARLEY: What the? Oh.
(The voices sound like Yoda.)
DEMON: What is this?
DEMON 2: This creature is of no use to us. We can take no sustenance from it.
CHARLEY: Charmed, I'm sure.
DEMON: Return it to from whence it came. We have no use here for one who is already dead.
CHARLEY: Already dead? But I'm not dead. Am I?
DASHWOOD: Hold my bride's body steady, friends, for now, by reversing the Trans-D's field, I inhabit her empty brain with soul of a demon Queen.
(Electronic noise.)
DASHWOOD: Welcome to Earth, my spouse, and. Aw, she's unconcious. No matter. The journey must have been too much for the weak Earthly shell she now inhabits. Never fear. Let her be carried to my private chambers where she can awaken at her leisure, and the union can be consummated.
(Cheers.)
BECKY-LEE: These corridors are so boring, so identical and so. Fire alarm. Okay, Doctor whoever you are, let see if your plan works. One, two, three.
(Glass breaks, a klaxon whoops.)
BECKY-LEE: Wow, this is so excellent.
GUARD: Come on, come on, you loonies. Get moving before you burn to death. Come on!
CRANE: Now old mad Ma Pardow is scared of fire, and when she realises, I have my opportunity to calmly walk out amidst the chaos.
DALE: Hey! Hey, Senator Pickering. Marchosias. Whatever. Where's Mister Dashwood?
MARCHOSIAS: Why, Doctor Pargeter, what's going on?
DALE: The Institute is on fire.
MARCHOSIAS: (sniffing) No. No, I don't think so.
DALE: Well, the alarm's going off.
MARCHOSIAS: Yes, but we demons, we know a lot about fire. I can't sense one.
DALE: Well, where's Brigham?
MARCHOSIAS: Next door, in his beloved Hellfire Club ballroom. With his new bride, I gather.
DALE: New bride? But he said. He promised.
MARCHOSIAS: Oh, didn't you know? How careless of me to spill the beans. Still, I do hope you

won't blame me.
(Running feet.)
MARCHOSIAS: Oh. Bye, then. Oh, such fear, such anger in her. I feel almost satisfied. Oh, my. What excellent timing. Becky-Lee, my dear.
PICKERING: What in tarnation are you doing down in this den of iniquity?
BECKY-LEE: Grandpappy?
PICKERING: Come closer, girl.
BECKY-LEE: Oh, grandpappy, it's good to, to see you.
PICKERING: What's up, girlie?
BECKY-LEE: Something's not right. You're not my grandfather.
MARCHOSIAS: Well, well, well. Look at the big bad monster killer. Bet this fire alarm was your fault, too.
BECKY-LEE: What have you done with my grandfather, you
MARCHOSIAS: Bored now.
(Slap.)
BECKY-LEE: Ow!
(The minuet is playing.)
DASHWOOD: (singing) Let the children sing.
(Charley yawns.)
DASHWOOD: Excuse me, my dear, but I must finish readying myself for tonight's broadcast.
CHARLEY: Where am I?
DASHWOOD: Greetings, O infernal inhabitor of my newly wedded bride.
CHARLEY: Gracious. You know, I just had the most peculiar dream.
DASHWOOD: You! But how? Can Hell have rejected you? You must be a plaguey piece of woman flesh if they
CHARLEY: I beg your pardon! Look, it's awfully nice of you to have gone to all this trouble to make me look so interesting, but I think it's time I was leaving.
DASHWOOD: The Good Book tells us that King David, when he was grown old, took unto himself a young maiden to be his comforter, and her name was Bildad the Shuhite.
(No, that was one of Job's comforters.)
DASHWOOD: Can you be so hard as to deny me the same
(Door opens and closes. The music stops.)
BRIGADIER: Sorry to be pedantic, but her name was Abishag the Shunammite.
DASHWOOD: Lethbridge Stewart.
BRIGADIER: Thought I might find a young girls I was looking for, actually.
DASHWOOD: Well, this one's mine.
CHARLEY: Actually, I think you'll find I'm no one's. Except possibly the Doctor's.
BRIGADIER: Doctor. Are you Miss Pollard, by any chance?
CHARLEY: Yes. Who might you be?
BRIGADIER: A friend.
DASHWOOD: Not to me, you're not. Now leave. No, not you, girl, just him. You, young lady, are my Bildad or Abishag or whatever.
BRIGADIER: Your theology is no better than your security, really, is it.
DASHWOOD: You can know squat all about the Bible like myself and still gross eight point three five million dollars in the last fiscal year.
BRIGADIER: And with that you create your own state, your own short step to the White House.
DASHWOOD: That's about it, yes.
BRIGADIER: And your infernal PSI machine?
DASHWOOD: Ah, the coup de grâce. I'll soon use that to extract their minds then replace them with Lucifer's demons so I have an army to do my dirty work.
BRIGADIER: While all the poor people's minds are trapped onto a quantum CD thing ready for you to tap into whenever you need to.
DASHWOOD: Shame to let all that experience go to waste.
BRIGADIER: I've met some people in my time, Mister Dashwood, who I believed were the lowest humanity was capable of sinking to, but very few plumb your depths.
DASHWOOD: Why, thank you. I
(Door bursts open.)
DALE: Brigham. There's a fire at the Institute. Except now they've realised it was a false alarm. And Marchosias said. So, it's true. You *have* married her.
CHARLEY: Married? Me?

BRIGADIER: Come on, Charley. Let's get to the Doctor.
(Running feet, door shuts.)
DASHWOOD: Well, thank you Dale.You've just allowed two spies to escape.
DALE: I don't care. You promised that we were to be married.
DASHWOOD: Do not, I repeat, do not cross me again. Now, get out. I have a broadcast to make.
CRANE: Ah, there you are, Zebadiah. Rested now? All sorted out? Clear headed at last?
DOCTOR: I'm not Zebadiah. I'm not anybody. I'm just a shell, an empty vessel waiting for an identity to fill it.
CRANE: And who am I?
DOCTOR: You are the Doctor. You were right.
CRANE: Hmm. You were a naughty boy, Zebadiah, weren't you. Tried to trick them into imprinting the Doctor's, ie my, brain patterns onto you again instead of your own.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry. Please, don't turn the machine on again. You'll wake them up.
CRANE: No, I won't. You see, the machine's prone to fragmentation. But if I disconnect this and reconnect that, add your quantum CD ROM to the matrix. Marvellous. Time to replace your mind, Zebadiah. Why is it not working?
DOCTOR: Needs an active mind to activate it. Mine drained. Spread too thinly amongst them.
CRANE: Yes, of course. You need a Time Lord brain to jump-start it. All right, here goes. Now, that should be enough.
(The machine powers up.)
CRANE: Ow! Let go, Zebadiah. Let go!
DOCTOR: Sorry, Gideon, but if you were the Doctor, you'd have worked it out by now. If I am a nobody, how can they all think they're the Doctor after absorbing my mind?
CRANE: Let me go! Argh.
(Machine powers down. Using the keyboard.)
DOCTOR: Yes. Excellent. All back in place now. Sorry I had to trick you, Gideon, but I needed every last drop of my matrix back. Everything from you and them. You poor man. Bumped into my Tardis as it landed, swamped by the temporal energy I couldn't contain, and our minds momentarily fused. Still, you'll be all right too, I expect, when you wake up.
(Jangling of chains.)
BECKY-LEE: Where, where am I?
MARCHOSIAS: You, my dear granddaughter, are hanging upside down in this rather absurd Hellfire Club's comically named torture room. All very grotesque, but of little real use, except in the hands of a master.
BECKY-LEE: Święty Piotr, Święty Piotr, Święty Piotr, Święty
MARCHOSIAS: Oh, do give up, girl. You can't summon up my greatest fear to stop me.
BECKY-LEE: Look, can I get down from here? The blood's all in my head, I can't feel my ankles and my brain hurts.
MARCHOSIAS: No, sorry.
BECKY-LEE: Why not kill me?
MARCHOSIAS: Because this is more fun and rewarding. For me, obviously.
BRIGADIER: Charley, look there. The Doctor, poor fellow.
CHARLEY: But that's not the
BRIGADIER: He's alive, but shallow breathing. He's in a coma of some sort. Oh, Doctor, if I'd realised when you spoke to me yesterday from your cell, maybe I could have done something to help you.
DOCTOR: Well, that's comforting to hear.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
BRIGADIER: Doctor? But you're
DOCTOR: Zebadiah Doe? No, not at all. It's a long story, and if we had time I'd tell you. Hello, Charley. I see you've met my best friend.
CHARLEY: Ah, I thought I was your best friend.
DOCTOR: Ah, lesson to myself. Don't tell people they're your best friend.
BRIGADIER: How are you, Doctor? Good to see you. Should have guessed it was you. Just didn't dream of seeing you here
DOCTOR: Alistair, you're looking younger every day. Now then, both of you, I'd quite like to leave this dreadful place, and you can, oh, what's the vernacular here? Oh, bring me up to speed. By the way, Alistair, thank you.

BRIGADIER: Er, what for?
DOCTOR: Looking after Charley, for a start. But also just for being here. I feel a lot safer now.
DALE: I've been looking for you.
MARCHOSIAS: Oh, hello, Dale.
DALE: You were right. Brigham is, has married that girl. The English one,
BECKY-LEE: Charley?
DALE: Do something!
MARCHOSIAS: I can't torture two young girls at once, you know. This is craftsmanship.
DALE: No, to Brigham. Make him change his mind.
MARCHOSIAS: Oh, get a load of that anger. You're really not happy, are you.
DALE: No, I'm not.
MARCHOSIAS: Tell me, Dale. What do you fear the most?
BECKY-LEE: Oh, no. No!
DALE: I don't understand.
MARCHOSIAS: I deal in fear, Dale. It's a weapon. A powerful one. Now, let me see inside your mind. Tell me, Dale, is it just the English girl? Slim, attractive, untouched. Is it just her, or do you fear all of them. Look at Becky-Lee. Slim, attractive, everything going for her. But you, you've lost that, haven't you. You're no pin-up any more. Too many cheesesburgers, perhaps. You hate them, don't you, with their supermodel figures, their immaculate hair, perfect features. Look over there on the wall. Lovely whip. Wouldn't you like to take it, use it. No, don't actually touch it. Just visualise it in your hand. Just imagine you could hear the crack, can't you?
(Whip crack.)
MARCHOSIAS: Yes, hear that inside your mind. You'd like to whip the girls, wouldn't you, Dale, until they're disfigured, bleeding and scarred.
(Whip crack.)
MARCHOSIAS: Take away the enemy, leave Dashwood to you, yes?
DALE: Yes. Yes!
(Whip crack.)
BECKY-LEE: Mamova, no! No, Pargeter, don't do it. He's using you. Using you to feed himself because I won't give in to fear.
DALE: Pretty little painted faces, small butts, neat waists.
MARCHOSIAS: Such anger, such repression. Let it all out, Dale, on the girl.
BECKY-LEE: No! Don't force me to
DALE: Evil. They are evil!
BECKY-LEE: Święty Piotr, protect me!
(Whoosh! Dale cries out.)
MARCHOSIAS: Actually, young lady, that's quite impressive.
DALE: No, no, please.
(Tearing noises.)
DALE: No, please, I didn't mean it. Please. Ah! Oh.
BECKY-LEE: You, you monster. You made me fight her, made her imagine she was being whipped to death.
MARCHOSIAS: I made you use her greatest fear. Not my fault that she couldn't admit to it. Disappointing, though. Three psychic whips and her heart gives way.
BECKY-LEE: (crying) You made me kill her. You monster!
MARCHOSIAS: Now then, what shall we play with next?
DOCTOR: Mister Crane? Gideon Crane, can you hear me?
BRIGADIER: It's no use, Doctor. Poor chap's dead to the world.
DOCTOR: Come on, Gideon. I need you to do an important job.
CHARLEY: Doctor, who is he anyway?
DOCTOR: He's the poor chap who made the mistake of being beside the Tardis when we landed. His mind was flooded with bits of me, confusing both of us. I used the PSI machine to drain me from him. I just hope I didn't go too far and drain him from him.
BRIGADIER: And if you did?
DOCTOR: Yes, well, thank you, Brigadier, but let's keep such dark possibilities buried, yes?
CRANE: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes. And you are?
CRANE: Gideon Crane, reporter from the London Torch. Investigating the activities of Brigham Elisha Dashwood and his PSI895.
BRIGADIER: How the devil do you know about that?

CRANE: Can I get up?
DOCTOR: Yes, let me help you.
CRANE: Thanks. Oh. Bit dizzy. Oh, hello.
CHARLEY: Hello. I'm Charley. This is the Doctor and this is
CRANE: Brigadier Lethbridge Stewart, retired, from UNIT.
BRIGADIER: Looks like some of you is still inside his mind, Doctor.
CRANE: No, not at all. I'm a good journalist. You were sent here undercover also to find out about the PSI machine. Trouble is, your Ministerial contacts are actually pretty much in cahoots with Dashwood.
CHARLEY: What?
BRIGADIER: That might explain a lot, actually. Still not sure that you should know me though.
DOCTOR: How much do you remember, Gideon?
CRANE: Everything, Doctor. I'm, I'm sorry.
DOCTOR: Well, don't be. I need your help now.
CRANE: Anything I can do.
DOCTOR: Disable this machine. Transfer these poor people's minds back home and any other quantum CD ROMs you find in there to their rightful owners. Once you've done as much as you can, do anything you can to destroy the thing. Completely and utterly.
BRIGADIER: Forgive me for being a bit of a wet blanket, Doctor, but don't you need them here, in this laboratory, to do that? I seem to remember Doctor Pargeter telling me that she
DOCTOR: With all due respect to Doctor Pargeter, which isn't a great deal, I must admit. Dreadful woman. No morals. Anyway, she is not me. Now if I recalculate this.
(Keyboard.)
DOCTOR: And transfer this into here.
(Beep!)
DOCTOR: Oh dear. All right, transfer this into here. Then this thing will become a directional etheric locator matrix with wide-band pickup and smart-based selective database link to the CD ROM memory store, and
CHARLEY: Doctor. Doctor, none of us know what you're talking about.
CRANE: I do.
DOCTOR: You do?
CRANE: Yes. You've built an intelligent memory into the PSI machine that can track the correct host for the stored brainwaves and beam it to them so long as they're in the vicinity of about, well, three miles. How odd.
DOCTOR: Not at all! Must still be bits of me inside your head, Gideon. Excellent.
BRIGADIER: And just why is that excellent, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Because, Brigadier, if it was you I'd have to spend fifteen of the twenty minutes we have left to stop Dashwood explaining how to operate all this, but I don't. With Gideon here, it's all inside his head already. I just have to unscramble it a bit.
CRANE: Unscramble? Doctor, I'm looking at those poor unfortunates in the corner, and the word scramble, when describing my mind, isn't exactly very encouraging.
DOCTOR: An old Time Lord trick. Close your eyes. Contact.
CRANE: But I. Contact.
DOCTOR: You all right?
CRANE: Yes. Yes! That's amazing! I feel
DOCTOR: Never mind what you feel. It's a trick that won't last forever. The information'll be at the forefront of your brain for about half an hour, and then it will dissipate. The trouble with doing what we just did is it actually increases the rate of degeneration of the memory.
CRANE: What?
DOCTOR: Never mind. You know what to do, yes?
CRANE: Absolutely.
DOCTOR: Good. Off we go, people.
CHARLEY: What's to stop Dashwood rebuilding?
DOCTOR: Us. We have twenty minutes to stop him. See you soon, Gideon, and thank you for looking after my mind.
CRANE: See you soon, then.
DASHWOOD: Scott, what's camera three going to be on?
SCOTT: Er, me, Mister Dashwood, for our interview after the pledge drive.
DASHWOOD: Of course it is, my boy. God bless you. Ahem. One, two, three. Testing microphone.

SCOTT: Yes, sound boys say that's working. Thirty seconds to Brother Biggle. Four seconds to studio, everyone. And count.
(Charley and the Brigadier talk over each other as a door opens.)
CHARLEY: Look, there he is.
DOCTOR: Good evening, Mister Dashwood. Sorry, Reverend Dashwood tonight, is it? Don't mind if we watch, do you?
DASHWOOD: Zebadiah, how on Earth? And my blessed bride-to-be. And Alistair. What a welcoming committee. Scott, cut transmission from here. Tell Bix and Deman to keep going.
DOCTOR: I'm impressed, Mister Dashwood. Brigadier. Brigadier, are you all right?
BRIGADIER: Must be the lights. Need to just sit down.
CHARLEY: Over here. Oh, careful.
DASHWOOD: Careful, Alistair. Mighty big equipment around here. Don't want you hurting yourself.
DOCTOR: Brigadier, are you all right?
CHARLEY: He's not well.
BRIGADIER: My heart. Not as young as I was. All this gallivanting about. Sorry, Doctor. Can't keep regenerating like you.
DASHWOOD: Scott, escort poor Alistair away from these hot studio lights. Take him and give him some water.
DOCTOR: Look after him.
(Door closes.)
DASHWOOD: Rest assured, Doctor, the last thing I need is a representative of the British contingent dying on the eve of Malebogia's succession.
SCOTT: This way, sir.
BRIGADIER: Thank you. Scott, is it?
SCOTT: Ah ha.
BRIGADIER: Is there anywhere I can sit quietly and watch the broadcast? Never been inside a TV studio before, you see.
SCOTT: If you promise to keep really quiet, we could go to the control room with the director. See it all happen?
BRIGADIER: Oh, splendid. I'd like that.
(Keyboard.)
CRANE: I hope this thing works, Doctor. I can. Oh.
(Beep.)
CRANE: No. No, I'm losing it already. No, no, must be strong. That's it. Deep breaths, Gideon, old man. Concentrate. Think of the Doctor. Seeing through him. Focus on the instructions he gave me. Yes. Yes.
(Machine powers up.)
CRANE: It's coming back now. I hope that's right, Doctor, or half of Malebolgia's going to wake up thinking they're Waldo Pickering.
(Chainsaw.)
BECKY-LEE: You're an Olympic standard dork, Marchosias.
MARCHOSIAS: Yes, yes, whatever. Let me see. What's that?
BECKY-LEE: Can't hear anything over that chainsaw.
MARCHOSIAS: Well, I doubt it's important. Ah, oh, oh, argh!
(Roars and screams.)
MARCHOSIAS: Oh no, not. What's happening? Get out of my head!
BECKY-LEE: Marchosias, what's happening? Not that I care much.
MARCHOSIAS: No, no, no.
PICKERING: Becky? Becky-Lee?
BECKY-LEE: What?
PICKERING: Where in tarnation am I? And what the bejesus are you doing trussed up there, girl?
SCOTT: Sit there, sir, but don't touch anything.
BRIGADIER: Oh, I feel awful. Any chance of that drink.
SCOTT: On it's way and
BRIGADIER: Oh!
SCOTT: You're not at all well. Quick, up here.
BRIGADIER: My heart, you see. Not as young as I was and it
SCOTT: Whoa!

BRIGADIER: Sorry to be a nuisance.
SCOTT: Here you are. You sit there. Sit back there.
BRIGADIER: Thank you, Scott. Sorry to be a. To be a, a pain.
SCOTT: Sir? Sir, are you all right? Oh, my God.
DASHWOOD: Do you see, Zebadiah, up on that screen, the Gospel choirs singing their hearts out? The Lord's faithful, creating a wave of love and hard cash.
DOCTOR: I wonder if they'd sing if they knew the real you, Dashwood.
DASHWOOD: And who's going to tell them? You? I don't think so. You're a loony, she's a weirdo, and the old guy's croaking in another room somewhere. You know, I don't think they'd believe a word against me from anyone. Most of them are too stupid to understand anyway.
CHARLEY: I'm sure they'd be pleased to know that.
DASHWOOD: My sweet, beautiful girlie, no one ever went broke underestimating the intelligence of the public. When I start my sermon, that poor collection of rubes, subnormals, hypocrites and white trailer trash is going to to plumb crazy.
(Beep!)
DOCTOR: And then?
DASHWOOD: And then, when I cry out Vote for the Good Lord, Vote for Dashwood, the world will witness the biggest, most powerful puissance. Well, a certain evening in Nuremburg springs to mind.
(Beep!)
DASHWOOD: What the hell is that?
DOCTOR: Your friend Scott, anxious to talk to you, perhaps? He seems to be trying to get your attention from a little booth up there.
DASHWOOD: Oh, go and deal with the masses, Scott. I'm busy and. Why has the singing stopped?
DOCTOR: We could hazard a guess, yes, Charley?
CHARLEY: A good guess.
DOCTOR: How good a guess?
CHARLEY: My guess would be that everyone in the outside world just heard Mister Dashwood here describe them as subnormal.
DOCTOR: Hypocrites as well, I recall.
CHARLEY: So my next guess is that the money has stopped coming in.
DOCTOR: And Brigham Elisha Dashwood has broadcast his final sermon.
CHARLEY: I like TV, Doctor. It's fun!
DASHWOOD: How did this happen?
BRIGADIER [OC]: My fault, I'm afraid. Think I hit all the wrong buttons, opened your microphone up. Live, I think poor Scott was yelling. Sorry, Dashwood, old chap.
DASHWOOD: You, you lousy limey! I'll get you jailed by your Whitehall masters.
BRIGADIER [OC]: Fire off your emails, Dashwood, till ye've rent the steeples, drowned the cocks. After the opinions you've just expressed in front of an eighty percent share of America's prime time market, you'll find my government isn't going to go near you, any more than advertisers, businessmen or even Ted Turner will.
DOCTOR: Brigadier, good to hear from you. How's the heart?
BRIGADIER [OC]: Strong as ever, Doctor. Strong as ever. And quite proud, seeing that without Mister Dashwood here, Malebolgia might actually become a quite decent new state. On my way down to the er, studio floor, I believe the terminology is.
DASHWOOD: Well, boys, and pretty girl. Well done. Battle joined, battle lost. You have me where you want me.
CHARLEY: Shall we call the police, have him arrested?
DOCTOR: Ah, no, actually, we can't. He hasn't committed a crime. Not here, anyway.
CHARLEY: You mean he'll just walk away from all this?
DOCTOR: Oh, no. The authorities will investigate the Institute, the Hellfire Club. There'll be enough to pin every crime under the sun on him. Blackmail, extortion, assault, kidnapping, possibly murder. But that'll take time.
BRIGADIER: You can't mean he's scot-free until then, surely?
DASHWOOD: Zebadiah's right, Alistair. Now if you'll excuse me, I have a car outside. I think I'll go, well, somewhere they won't find me very quickly.
CHARLEY: But
DOCTOR: Don't worry, Charley. After what you told me about that Hellfire Club and what we

witnessed in that alley, Brigadier, I don't think that Dashwood's going to find it easy to escape his own personal demons.
DASHWOOD: Quick, get us away from here. You!
(Door slams.)
BECKY-LEE: Nice car. Sorry, your driver and my grandfather are just having a quiet word around the corner. With the police. Sheriff Steiger seems very keen to help. Can't think why. Perhaps it was the videotape grandpoppy gave him.
DASHWOOD: Your grandfather? But Marchosias
PICKERING: Just up and vamoosed from my head, Dashwood. It's just me here now.
BECKY-LEE: Oh, and we found *this* in the Hellfire Club. No one seems to know what it is.
CHARLEY: It's something called a Trans-D. Pops you from place to place. Hello, Becky-Lee. Good to see you.
BECKY-LEE: Hiya, Charley girl. Where's the Doctor?
(Walking on gravel.)
DOCTOR: Hello. Don't think we've met.
BECKY-LEE: You're the Doctor? Who was the other guy, Brigadier?
BRIGADIER: Ah, good to see you, Miss Kowalczck. Long story. Explain later. But this is the Doctor and
DASHWOOD: And this is my Trans-D, thank you. Now, stand back, all of you, or one by one you get a one-way ticket to Hell.
BECKY-LEE: You really are one marshmallow short of a Count Chocula, aren't you.
DOCTOR: I think he means it, actually. Interesting piece, Dashwood. Find it yourself, or was it, I suspect, a gift?
BECKY-LEE: From Marchosias, perhaps.
DASHWOOD: Now, I'm taking a quick drive. Anyone follows
(Car engine starts.)
DASHWOOD: They get to see Lucifer and all his little friends, you understand? Bye y'all.
(Tyres squeal, drives away.)
DOCTOR: Who is Marchosias?
BECKY-LEE: The demon who took over grandpoppy's body.
CHARLEY: But if you're back, Senator, where's Marchosias now?
MARCHOSIAS: No
PICKERING: Idea.
DOCTOR: The PSI machine! He'll be looking for a new body.
CHARLEY: And we left Gideon there.
(Crash, smash.)
MARCHOSIAS: Hi there. Don't think we've been properly introduced. My name is Marchosias. Guess you're the guy who zapped Pickering's back into his body, right?
CRANE: Er, well
MARCHOSIAS: So, here I am. Eight foot of hot, sweaty red demon, fairly annoyed with you.
CRANE: Ah. Sorry.
MARCHOSIAS: What were you doing with this machine?
CRANE: Well, I, that is
MARCHOSIAS: You were setting it to overload, weren't you. Oh, for crying out loud. We spent years giving Dashwood the secrets of this, and you're about to destroy it!
DASHWOOD: Lord be praised. Marchosias, you're here.
MARCHOSIAS: Dashwood, you old devil, you. What are you doing here?
DASHWOOD: The Doctor and his friends, they set me up. It's all gone wrong. I have to get away. I thought you could help me.
MARCHOSIAS: Help you? How?
DASHWOOD: Put my consciousness into a demon's body. Set me up alongside Lucifer himself, as one of his strategists.
MARCHOSIAS: Using this PSI machine and our friend here. Sorry, didn't catch the name.
CRANE: Er, Crane. Gideon Crane.
MARCHOSIAS: Friend Crane here has already begun to destroy your precious machine, and Lucifer, he doesn't take kindly to wasting all his time. So, frankly, no.
DASHWOOD: No?
MARCHOSIAS: No.
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: Ah, Dashwood. Thought you might come here.

CHARLEY: Gideon's all right.
CRANE: Depends on your definition of all right, actually. I've forgotten all the stuff the Doctor told me. It's all gone now. I'm just me.
BRIGADIER: You're alive, man. Good enough for now.
DASHWOOD: I don't believe it. Can someone not rid me of these wretched people? Marchosias?
MARCHOSIAS: No. Do it yourself. Use the Trans-D.
DOCTOR: I don't think you should do that.
BRIGADIER: Listen to the Doctor, Dashwood.
DOCTOR: Tell me, did you know you were teaming up with psionivores?
DASHWOOD: What?
MARCHOSIAS: Who told you that?
DOCTOR: Come on, Marchosias. No one on Earth could design that PSI machine without your help, and the Trans-D, as Dashwood called it, confirmed my suspicions.
MARCHOSIAS: Of course. Should have realised. You're not human.
DOCTOR: That's right.
CRANE: What?
DOCTOR: I get about.
DASHWOOD: I can't waste any more time. Time for you to go to Lucifer, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I wouldn't use that in here, actually. Close proximity to the PSI machine. Similar technology likely to do some serious damage to both, to the people operating it.
MARCHOSIAS: Spoilsport, Doctor.
BRIGADIER: So, what is a psionivore?
CHARLEY: A demon, by the look of it.
DOCTOR: Not at all, Charley. Marchosias has just adopted that name and form because it suits him. It's what Dashwood wanted to see most, to influence his Hellfire Club. They're really cosmic parasites, usually inhabiting ionised clouds of comet generated dust where they can weave their energy patterns into a spurious semblance of solidity.
MARCHOSIAS: You missed out the important bit.
DOCTOR: Oh yes, that's right. Their diet. They feed on the negative neuronic emissions of sentient beings. Pain, fear, anxiety, jealousy. A psionivore battens on it like maggots on rotting fruit.
CHARLEY: So they use people's bad thoughts and desires?
DOCTOR: And this Hellfire Club was perfect. A ridiculous charade which brought people together in one place with enough negative energy to draw the psionivores into becoming a gestalt entity.
MARCHOSIAS: That'll be me, then.
DASHWOOD: The Hellfire Club has contacted Lucifer and his demons for centuries. My ancestor, Sir Francis Dashwood, was
DOCTOR: A cultured, amiable scholarly man. His so-called Club was simply a group of chums who spent weekends with him at Medmenham from time to time. No doubt they drank more than was good for them, but the nearest thing they had to a manifestation of the devil was one of their inebriated number sticking horns on his head and jumping out of a bush yelling boo. Certainly Sir Francis was interested in reinventing the ancient Greek Eleusinian mysteries, but that's a far cry from human sacrifices and pacts with anyone called Lucifer.
DASHWOOD: You lie.
DOCTOR: Dashwood, the Hellfire Sir Francis was a fictitious caricature of the real man, dreamt up by his political enemies, reinforced by centuries of sensational writers who never bothered to check their facts.
DASHWOOD: I won't accept that. I believe Marchosias. Tell them of Lucifer, of Hell. You showed me Hell. I saw it once.
MARCHOSIAS: Sorry, but the Doctor's right. Hell is just a physical manifestation, like me.
CHARLEY: That place I went to, then. The other demons. They were all just these psionivore things then?
DOCTOR: Absolutely. They can be living forms, they can be brick walls, deserts, waterfalls, anything they want. Very clever beings, actually.
DASHWOOD: Then, Marchosias, I'll send you back from whence you came.
MARCHOSIAS: Bwahahahahaha! Give it up, Dashwood. It's all over.
DOCTOR: Mister Dashwood, what you are doing is feeding Marchosias. Your fear is refueling him.

DASHWOOD: I fear nothing.
(The machine is powering up.)
CRANE: Er, Doctor.
DASHWOOD: I fear nothing!
MARCHOSIAS: Well, I'm getting mighty fat on something, and it's not coming from these guys.
CRANE: Doctor!
DOCTOR: What?
CRANE: The PSI machine.
BRIGADIER: Going to explode. Look at it.
CHARLEY: Run!
DASHWOOD: No! I won't let you defeat me.
MARCHOSIAS: Don't be a fool, Dashwood. You'll flood the room with dimensional flux. We'll all be swept up.
(Drawn out cries and machine noise.)
(Emergency vehicle sirens.)
DOCTOR: Everyone get out of the lab in time?
CHARLEY: I'm here.
CRANE: Me too.
BRIGADIER: All present and correct, Doctor.
CHARLEY: Dashwood and Marchosias.
DOCTOR: Gone, back to the psionivore's realm, taking the PSI machine and the Trans-D with them.
DOCTOR: No way for Marchosias or the other psionivores to get back.
CHARLEY: You seem upset.
DOCTOR: Sadly, these poor mindless victims of Doctor Pargeter's have gone too. They didn't deserve that.
BRIGADIER: There'll be an enquiry, I suppose. Have to account for half a dozen patients somehow.
DOCTOR: Oh, I doubt there's any record of them, Brigadier. To Pargeter and Dashwood they were no more than cattle. They won't have done any official transferring from hospitals or clinics. Even in this enlightened time of yours, Brigadier, there's still a black market in disadvantaged human beings.
CRANE: You make us sound as bad as the psionivores, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Do I? Well, that's something to think about and write up in your newspaper, isn't it.
CHARLEY: Doctor, let's get back to the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Yes, all right. Becky-Lee and Senator Pickering seem to have got through to the police. Leave them to sort it out.
CHARLEY: Well, that must be that, then. Time for well, goodbye, everyone. We must be going. Come along, Charley, don't dawdle, and all that.
CRANE: Oh, I'm going to help the police with their enquiries. I'll see you later, perhaps?
DOCTOR: You're a brave man, Mister Crane.
CRANE: I had a brave mind inside me for a while, Doctor, that's all. Right now I'm a gibbering wreck inside. Er, see you later, old man.
(Footsteps on gravel.)
DOCTOR: Charley, can you get to the Tardis?
CHARLEY: Yes. Why?
DOCTOR: I'll catch you up, yes?
CHARLEY: All right. Goodbye, Brigadier.
BRIGADIER: Oh yes. Goodbye, Miss Pollard.
CHARLEY: Goodbye.
(A kiss on the cheek.)
BRIGADIER: Oh.
(Footsteps on gravel.)
DOCTOR: Well, Brigadier, here we are again.
BRIGADIER: Yes, indeed. Every time I think I've seen the last of you, up you pop again. I like the new face, by the way. See if you can't hold on to it a little longer than some of your predecessors, there's a good chap.
DOCTOR: It's always a pleasure teaming up with you. Someone dependable, solid as a rock.
BRIGADIER: You too, Doctor. You too. Now, run along. Disappear into the ether, or the Sheriff will be wanting to question us both about your involvement, and that could keep us both in this

country far longer than is healthy for either of us.
DOCTOR: I'll see you around, then, as they say in these parts.
BRIGADIER: I'm sure of it, Doctor. Goodbye.
DOCTOR: Goodbye, Alistair.
(Footsteps on gravel.)
DOCTOR: (at a distance) It was fun!
BRIGADIER: Fun? (chuckles) Odd idea of fun you have, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Off we go then, Charley.
CHARLEY: He seemed awfully nice, your friend the Brigadier. One of the best, you might say.
DOCTOR: Oh no, Charley. *The* best. Where to now?
(Console controls adjusted. The Tardis dematerialises.)
CHARLEY: Er, Doctor? When the psionivores had me in their Hell place, they said I was useless to them.
DOCTOR: That wasn't very nice.
CHARLEY: It was odd. I wasn't entirely sure of what I was hearing, being a bit giddy and all that. But I'm sure one of them said I was useless to them because I was dead.
DOCTOR: Yes, people say the strangest things, Charley. Psionivores in particular. Now, how about a quick spin round the Crucis Nebula? It's very pretty. Colours you'll never have dreamt of. Stars, gas clouds
CHARLEY: An evil monster set on universal destruction, no doubt.
DOCTOR: Oh, Charley, it's a beautiful universe out there. Let's just go somewhere nice and quiet and peaceful, and do a bit of star-gazing.
CHARLEY: Oh, yes.
DOCTOR: We can leave saving the universe from monsters for another day, all right?